

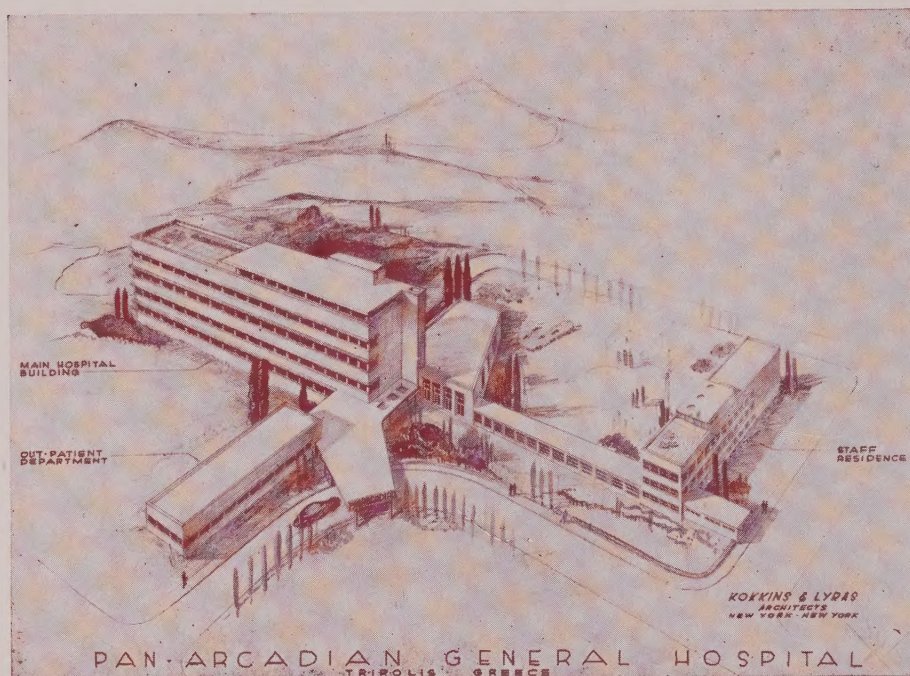


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SUMMER, 1949

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The 256-bed Panarcadian Hospital, built at Tripolis, Greece is now complete, and according to latest dispatches will start in operation some time next spring.

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and

TRANSLATIONS

by

CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST

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A FOURTH CENTURY FIGURINE FROM A FUNERAL STELE

(Athens Museum)

Of Zeus and Glorious Apollo

By CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST

In the beginning there were no things, but only Chaos and Darkness, "the thrice unknown Darkness", as the Egyptians called it. Then Eros, Love, brought the atoms together by attraction and the world began to take form. Hesiod says,

Earth, the beautiful rose up,
Broad-bosomed, she that is the steadfast base
Of all things and fair Earth first bore
The starry heaven, equal to herself,
To cover her on all sides, and to be
A home forever for the blessed gods.

Of Uranos and Gaea, the Heavens and the Earth, the primeval gods were born, and Time began.

The sons of Uranos and Gaea were the Titans, vast, lawless, destructive forces, Volcanoes, Earthquakes, Whirlwinds, Whirlpools; and, finally, Zeus, Dyaus, High Heaven, was born, the strongest and wisest of all. It was Zeus who introduced Law among the warring elements by using thunder and lightning, which he forged on Mount Olympus, his Sacred Mountain, the highest in Greece, whose summit pierces the sky. When Zeus had conquered the Titans he cast them down into Tartarus, the deep, dark dungeon under the earth, and there he chained them, while he established his throne on Olympus. He dethroned Chronos, his father, and rendered him impotent to engender any more such destructive forces as the Titans had been, and from his own virtues he engendered the beneficent gods and the great kings, such as Perseus and Hercules, whom all must obey, for they ruled by his Law. His name, ZEUS, is cognate with the Sanakrit DYAAUS, the Heavens, the Sky.

Zeus was called the Father of Gods and Men, and the Most High, and he punished those who broke their oaths and his Laws. For this reason he punished Aegisthus and Queen Clytemnestra, who had committed adultery and killed King Agamemnon when he returned from the war at Troy. Also, he punished Prince Paris of Troy, because he had led Queen Helen away from the palace of her husband, King Menelaus, after Menelaus had entertained him as a guest in his home. Also, Zeus punished King Priam of Troy and all of his city by destruction because they had received and protected Paris and Helen in Troy.

Zeus was revered above all of the gods, and as the Pharaoh of Egypt was believed to be

the son of Ammon, the god of Heaven, to Perseus and his descendants were believed to be "heaven descended" the sons of Zeus. Homer humanized the Gods of Olympus and ascribes human failings to them, and later poets told incidents that were discreditable, but such great men as Plato, Euripides, and Pindar did not approve of these and denounced even Homer for irreverence.

Those who broke the Laws of Zeus though unwittingly were made to pay the penalty for what they had done. It was believed that even the Fates obey his will and that he sent evil as well as good to men, who must accept reverently whatever Zeus decrees. This was expressed by Homer when Odysseus says:

"Of all that creep or breathe upon her, earth breeds no feebler a thing than man. While the gods grant him vigor and limber joints, he says no evil can overtake him, but when the blessed god doom him to sorrow, he must harden his heart and bear that, too. Man's free will on earth is no more his than the daylight that Zeus ordains."

(Trans. by T. S. Shaw, Lawrence of Arabia)

Zeus sent upon King Oedipus of Thebes the worst of fates. A prophecy gave his parents warning that this child of theirs would kill his own father and commit incest with his mother, and they tried to circumvent Fate by piercing the feet of the child and exposing him on the mountain, expecting that he would die. But a kind shepherd rescued him and reared him to manhood. Then, in a fray on a mountain road, he killed the old man who was riding in the chariot, who happened to be the King of Thebes and his own father, so he had fulfilled the first part of the prophecy without intending to do so. Then, because he had rendered a great service to the people of Thebes by killing the Sphinx, who had been afflicting their country, the Thebans invited Oedipus to become their king by marrying their Queen, and Oedipus did this without realizing that she was his own mother; and thus he fulfilled the second part of the prophecy, but without the will to do so. When evidence finally came in that the Queen was his own mother, she hanged herself and Oedipus blinded himself and became a homeless wanderer, accompanied on his way only by their devoted daughter, who acted as his guide.

When this black tragedy was presented in the Theatre of Athens by Sophocles, the Athenians

were profoundly moved to pity and fear, but neither the protagonist nor the spectators reproached Zeus for sending such undeserved suffering on the man. Like Job, they accepted it in humility, and, like Job, might have said,

"What shall a man accept good at the hand of God, and not evil? . . . Who shall say What doest thou . . . He is not a man as I am, that I should answer him and we should come together in judgment . . . With him is strength and vision . . . Though he slays me, yet will I trust him."

When the even greater tragedy of **Prometheus Bound** was presented on the stage in Athens by Aeschylus, and Zeus was seen sending Strength and Force to torture the good friend of man, who had brought on himself the wrath of Zeus by bringing fire from heaven, the spectators received the truth with the same humility. Perhaps they realized that this myth of Prometheus reflected the fate which awaits the benefactors of men such as their own Solon and Theseus had been in Athens, for most of the Athenians had not realized what great benefits those great and good men had conferred on the city and had virtually exiled them. Theseus had died in exile, and this, incidentally, was to be the fate of Aeschylus himself, for a charge was brought against him that he had revealed the secret teachings of the Eleusinian mysteries, which he had sworn not to reveal. He narrowly escaped the sentence of death and, after that, he lived in Sicily and finally died there, in exile.

In Athens, as in all other places, those who have challenged accepted falsehoods have been made to suffer for it, and that seems to have been meant by the myth of Prometheus. It was soon to be illustrated again in Athens when Socrates was condemned to death and died by drinking the hemlock. Plato became so unpopular that he had to leave Athens and lived in Sicily for a considerable period, and Euripides became so unpopular because of the truths he had shown in his tragedies that he lived outside of Athens. None of these great Athenians retracted what they had said, and Aeschylus strongly affirmed his faith in Zeus:

"Zeus is the supreme god, Zeus is the aether, Zeus is the earth, Zeus is the heaven, Zeus is the universe and what is beyond the universe."

In the case of Prometheus, Zeus is seen as a jealous god and a god of wrath, but he was willing to be appeased and to accept a vicarious substitute for the offender. His messenger, Hermes, threatened Prometheus and urged him to yield,

"Look for no ending to this agony
Until a god shall freely suffer for you
And in your stead descend
To where the sun is turned to darkness,
The black depth of death.

It seemed impossible that this condition would be realized, but Prometheus did not yield:

"There is no force that can compel my speech,
So let Zeus hurl his blazing thunderbolt,
And with the white wings of the snow,
With thunder and with earthquake
Confound the reeling world.
None of all this will bend my will.

The good Centaur, Chiron, finally offered to die for Prometheus, and this appeased Zeus, who

was willing to accept the substitute. To the last, Prometheus had refused to yield. It was Hercules, who was the son of Zeus by a mortal mother, and who had always used his godlike strength to rid the earth of deadly monsters, who finally shot the eagle that Zeus had sent to tear the vitals of Prometheus, and thus set the good Titan free.

This myth of Prometheus, Chiron, and Hercules reveals the Greek faith in Forethought and the divine powers that will some day set Forethought free for the salvation of mankind. Zeus had permitted evil to prevail for a time, but the day will come when such steadfastness as that of Prometheus, such godlike self-sacrifice as that of Chiron, and such human devotion as that of Hercules will be rewarded by Zeus himself with the victory of Prometheus. Aeschylus had fought at Marathon against the Persians and had seen men sacrifice their lives against tyrants and for the future good of their own people, and it was his profound conviction that this was the way to set Forethought free, that this was the way of self-sacrifice for the salvation for his people.

In later ages, certain of the Stoics developed the myth of Hercules to show him as the son of Zeus who overcame the evils that afflicted the world and he was therefore rendered honors that belong to a god. He even descended into Hades and overcame the power Death. He had returned triumphant from Hades and he gave the world a prospect of Peace. In the drama of Hercules, OETAEUS, by Seneca (65, A. D.) Hercules accepts death voluntarily and is elevated to the right hand of Zeus, his Father, after on earth he had assumed the position of a menial servant, but had retained his divine character. As a human being, however, he is subject to death and is buried. He makes this sacrifice willingly, is abandoned by all of his friends; suffers in silence and endures outrageous treatment without complaint, calls for water but is not answered, speaks encouragingly to his mother, who witnesses his suffering and calls to her, "Thy son liveth!" In the agony of death he groans to his Father, "Take thou my spirit in thy hands!" Then Zeus causes darkness to fall on the earth amidst the roll of thunder. At last Hercules exclaims, "It is finished!" the exact words that the Fourth Gospel puts into the mouth of the dying Jesus. It is apparent that the late Stoics wrote under the influence of the Christian Evangelists.

But the race of men for whom Prometheus suffered had been far from worthy of the sacrifice he made, and a myth tells that Zeus determined to make an end of them by means of a great flood. It covered the whole earth, excepting only the top of Mounts Olympus and Parnassus. It was on the top of Parnassus that the wooden box rested when the waters began to recede, which box Prometheus, Forethought, had counselled his son, Deucalion, to build with view to his safety during the Flood that he foresaw would come. In this box, Deucalion and his wife, Pyrrha, were saved by means of the supplies that they had stored. These two, Prometheus' children, became the parents of the new and better race that now neopled the earth. Their final victory will be due to Prometheus, their wise and good ancestor.



ZEUS—The National God of the Greeks

Zeus, the Law-Giver and his daughter Athena, Wisdom, and Apollo, Justice, his son, took an active part in the lives of men. When Odysseus finally grasped his great bow and began to shoot down the wicked Suitors who had been despoiling his house, threatening his faithful wife, Penelope, and plotting to waylay and kill both his young son and himself, Zeus thundered out of a clear sky, and

"Odysseus rejoiced that the son of Chronos had given him this sign, and as he levelled the bitter arrow toward Antinous, he prayed, 'By the favor of Apollo!'"

In the righteous judgment that Odysseus and godfearing young Telemachus, then inflicted on the guilty men, they were as stern as Apollo himself would have been, but they were also merciful.

Odysseus had always been under divine guidance, and it was Zeus who had decreed in heaven that he should return to his home in Ithaca when the purpose of Heaven had been fulfilled. Also the battles in Troy had been decreed in Heaven, and the will of the gods had prevailed.

When Telemachus pleaded with his father that the

bard, Phemius, be spared on the ground that he had been compelled to sing for the Suitors, Odysseus smiled and said to the bard, Phemius,

"Telemachus has redeemed you and saved you this time, to learn in your heart and testify aloud the advantage of virtue over vice."

(Trans. by T. E. Shaw, Lawrence of Arabia)

From this, we must conclude that Odysseus, and Homer, who revered Apollo as the god of Song, were not interested in Art for Art's sake, but held that the songs of Apollo's bards should express a strong moral, as the Odyssey itself does, to testify the advantage of virtue over vice.

Odysseus and Telemachus showed mercy to others of the Suitors who had not been hopelessly bad—they had given all of them a last chance and would have shown mercy to any who proved himself worthy—if he had shown mercy to the poor beggar in their midst, who happened to be Odysseus himself, disguised.

To another of the Suitors Odysseus granted his life, when Telemachus begged it on the ground that the man had been kind to him when he was a child.

Odysseus did not subject all of the Suitors to physical pain, and only the worst man among them was made deliberately to suffer. And Odysseus willingly followed the wise advice of Athena and did not punish the families of the men who had been guilty and he avoided the danger of being compelled to fight a civil war. In these things Odysseus presented a strong contrast to King David of Israel, who lived in 960 B. C., about the time of Homer. For King David slaughtered the women and children of the men whom he fought, who had been guilty of nothing but defending their own land, which he was conquering. David sawed his captives with heavy saws and put them under harrows of iron and axes of iron and made them pass through the burning brick kiln; to win the daughter of King Saul in marriage he made war on the Phillistines and mutilated those whom he slew so as to present their fore-skins to King Saul—he even presented twice as many foreskins as had been stipulated. Also, he instructed his young soldiers to hang their captives and cut off their hands and feet. This was of the old dispensation, to be reversed when the merciful Christ gave the New Law.

Odysseus tempered Justice with mercy and he did not even exult over the guilty when he had slain them because his old nurse, Eurycleia, let out loud cries of rejoicing when she saw the slain Suitors lying dead in their gore, Odysseus stopped her, and said,

"Rejoice within yourself, Beldame, and quietly. Keep back the throbbing cry. To make very glad over men's death is not proper. Those fell by the doom of the gods and through the wickedness themselves had wrought in disregarding the good and the bad alike. To such infatuation they owe their ignominious death."

It was the habit of Odysseus and his family to pray and to pay constant reverence to the gods. Food and drink never passed their lips without a libation poured for a prayer said. The choicest parts of their meat were offered to the gods, and

in return Zeus and Athena and Apollo counselled and protected them as they had counselled and protected Perseus in his day.

But Zeus had not protected Odysseus when he was doing wrong, for when Odysseus was making a piratical raid, such as was all too usual in those days, Zeus struck his ship with lightning and delivered him into captivity, but finally saved him when he prayed to him for mercy. When Odysseus tells this incident to his swineherd, Eumaeus, Try-Well, the good old man comments,

"Reckless deeds the blessed gods love not. They honor Justice and men's upright deeds. Why, evilminded men who land on a foreign shore and Zeus allows them plunder, so that they return home with well-filled ships—even on the hearts of a such falls a great fear of heavenly wrath."

(Trans. by Palmer)

Zeus and Apollo did not promise Odysseus the plunder of conquered cities or great riches, as Moses and the Prophets of Israel had promised Israel, "great and goodly cities that they had not built and wells of water that they had not digged, and houses full of good things that they had not filled, and vine and olives that they had not planted." Even Isaiah, the Prophet who dreamed of Peace, when the lion would lie down with the lamb, and when swords would be beaten into plowshares and spears would be beaten into pruninghooks, dreamed also that the time would come when the gates of Jerusalem would be kept perpetually open so that the conquered kings of the whole earth could come in bringing their tribute. The reward that Apollo offered to those who won a moral victory by obeying the Laws of Zeus was only a crown of wild olive, of no material value whatever, but the approval of the gods and of all good men.

Another point of great difference between Odysseus and King David was that Odysseus did not take a number of Queens in marriage and keep concubines — Homer says that Odysseus did not even seek the bed of Eurycleia, his wife's servant, "fearing a wife's anger", and that when Odysseus was held a prisoner by the immortal nymph. Calypso, he did not consent to remain with her as her husband though she promised him that she would make him immortal if he would do so, but he sat in tears on the shore of the sea, looking toward his home in Ithaca and longing but to see the smoke rising from his own hearthstone. His faithful wife, Penelope, did not bow herself to the earth in his presence and touch her forehead to the ground, as King David's wives did, and she did not disturb his peace of mind with palace intrigues, and his son did not rise in rebellion against him, as King David's did.

It seems from the Odyssey that the ideals of Odysseus were the same that Perseus had brought with him from Egypt as revealed in the **Egyptian Book of the Dead**. Like Perseus and the Pharaoh, the Greeks worshipped the god of the Sky who was symbolized by the Bull, and he believed in a future life and a Judgment, when he must answer for his deeds done on earth, when the blessed gods would mete him his due reward. As Homer shows, Odysseus would be able to plead before his Judge as the righteous Egyptian would plead at his judgment before Cairis and Thoth,

"I have not knowingly spoken what is not true, nor have I done aught with a false heart . . . I have not done violence . . . I have not committed theft . . . I have not slain man or woman . . . I have not made light the bushel . . . I have not defiled the wife of a man . . . I have not given way to wrath concerning myself without a cause . . . I have not made haughty my voice . . . I have made no one weep . . . I have not borne false witness . . . I have made holy offerings to the gods . . . I have not thought scorn of the god who is in my city . . . I am clean of mouth and clean of hands . . . I have given bread to the hungry man and water to the thirsty man, and a ship to shipwrecked mariner . . . I have done that which is right and true for the Lord of Right and Truth. . . . It is to be supposed that this pious worshipped of the Bullgod prayed as the Egyptians did . . . O Form, God, Creator of all things . . . thou only One . . . Beautiful Bull of the Cycle of gods . . . soul of Life . . . Creator of Right . . . Lord of Life for eternity, let my faults be washed away. Do away utterly with my wickedness and sinfulness, O God of Right and Truth!

It is seen that Odysseus had aimed at such moral conduct as this confession requires. But, as to speaking the truth, a reservation must be made, for Athena herself spoke what was not true to deceive Odysseus so as to assure his safety when the Suitors were waylaying him and plotting to kill both him and Telemachus.

Athena, the daughter of Zeus, in God's his own Wisdom, was born to him of Metis, Cunning Counsel and she was, thus, a virtue of his own mind, personified. It was told that before Athena was born Zeus became apprehensive lest the child to whom Metis would give birth would become wiser and thus stronger than he was himself and that therefore he swallowed Metis and her unborn child, but that when her hour of delivery came, his head opened and Athena, Wisdom, sprang forth fully armed, with spear, shield, helmet, and breastplate, ready to do battle for her Father. Since Zeus was the heavens, she came from heaven to do his service on earth, his **messenger** . . . his **angel**.

By other virtues, Zeus gave birth to other beneficent deities . . . By obscure Leto, the sister of Phoebe, the pale moon, and of Asteria, the faint stars of the empyrean, who had given the first light to the world, Zeus became the father of Apollo, the glorious god of the Sun, and of his twin sister, Artemis, the goddess of the Moon, who gives light to the night as Apollo gives light to the day. These two beneficent gods cause growth in the physical world and also in the world of the spirit.

But life is inherently linked with death, and Leto's name, from λανθάνω-λήσω meaning **to die**, caused both of her children to preside over death as well as over growth. To those who have lived a good life, the gentle arrows of Artemis bring a gentle death, but to those who have broken the Laws of Zeus, the arrows of just Apollo bring a terrible death, for he is the god of Retribution, as when he slew Marsyas and the children of Niobe for the sin of irreverence to the gods. He visits the sins of the parents upon the children.

But although Apollo is exceedingly stern for Justice and he is also the protector of all that is good and true and beautiful, he is not a respecter of persons, and Homer shows how he punished King Agamemnon in answer to the prayer of a humble priest, because Agamemnon had refused

to accept a ransom for the priest's beautiful daughter, who was his prize in the war. For this refusal, Apollo inflicted a pestilence on the king's army until he had righted the wrong after the king had sent the maiden back to her father.

The name of Apollo is from ἀπ ὀλλύω **to destroy utterly**, for by pouring his rays down on the earth the sun rots all carion and so purifies the air. In this way, Apollo destroys those who have done wrong, while he rewards those who deserve life's rewards. Apollo came down from Olympus with Athena to establish the Court of



ATHENE—Daughter of Zeus

the Areopagua in Athens, to try the case of Orestes after he had killed his father, King Agamemnon. In that trial the gods gave their verdict in favor of Orestes because it had become his duty to avenge his father. From his throne in Olympus, Zeus approved this verdict and proclaimed that the gods were not to blame for Aegisthus' death, since he had known the Law and was even warned by an oracle not to do that deed. To this, Athena assented, saying, "So perish all who do such deeds". Here, as at Troy, Zeus acted as the guardian of the Home.

Because Apollo killed Python, the great serpent of evil who had risen out of the slime when the waters of the Flood receded, he was called the Pythian. The Pythian games were held on Parnassus in honor of Apollo, and the victors were rewarded with Apollo's crown of wild olive, which

was precious to Apollo because it bore a reference to Daphne, the beautiful nymph whom he had loved and lost, for this timid and shrinking maiden had been so overcome by the splendor of the god when he pursued her in his wooing that she fled from him, praying to Zeus to save her. In answer to her prayer, Zeus had transformed her into an olive tree, the daphne, whose trembling leaves seem to whisper forever of the sun.

On the slope of Mount Parnassus, is the Pierian Spring, or fountain, where Apollo imparts his gifts of inspiration to the Muses, for their **inspiration** and **enthusiasm**, (ἐν θεῷ) was understood to be god-given. **Without God all things are vain** was, thus, the conviction of the Greeks, expressing the difference between the high arts of Apollo and the work of those that lacked the sacred quality. So dearly as Homer, that distinction had been made, for Homer classes the very skillful work of the scenes on shield of Achilles as work done by Hephaestus, for that was merely mechanical and lacked the quality which emanates from god or Light and Inspiration. Homer began his own epic song with a prayer to the Muse of epic poetry, Calliope, the first of the Sacred Nine, a sister of Melpomene, the Muse of Tragedy, of Thalia, the Muse of Comedy and Idyllic poetry, of Terpsichore, the Muse of choral dancing and song, of Euterpe, the Muse of Lyric Poetry, or Polyhymnia, the Muse of the sublime hymn, and of Urania, the Muse of Astronomy.

Under the Inspiration of Apollo and his Muses, it is clear that the Greek Theatre was not a mere playhouse and that the dramatic performances given there were not merely plays, but, instead, the theatre was an appropriate temple for religious services and the tragedies presented there were designed to reveal the ways of the gods to men, while the comedies had the moral purpose of turning the vices to scorn, to laugh them out of existence. So, when Aristophanes presented Socrates in a comedy, it was with the purpose of weakening his influence among the people. Such ridicule doubtless helped to result in the action of Socrates' judges when they condemned him to death on the charge that he was undermining the faith of the people in their gods. Under Apollo, then, the purpose of both tragedy and comedy was religious and moral. The action on the stage was preceded by the sacrifice of a goat on the altar of Dionysos, the son of Demeter, of the Sacred mysteries.

The word **art** is derived from ἀρτεῖν, meaning to **make**, and only those who **make** works of high religious and moral import have been dear to Apollo in any day or age. When Homer introduces Apollo, it is always to show that Justice prevails, be the person a swineherd or king, and if a person goes too far when his wrath is righteous and vengeance his due, Athena shows him how far he may go. Apollo's Law is, **Nothing to excess**.

Apollo was the god of the marketplace as well as of the temple and the Pierian Spring, and his influence was by no means confined to the fine arts of his Muses. He was not a weakling god who inspired weakling poets such as Keats styled "versifying pet lambs". He was

a god of exceeding power in the practical affairs of life, in the marketplace as well as in the banquet hall, where his bards sang, always moving men to do justice and observe the moral Law. His altar stood in the center of the marketplace, a perpetual reminder that between man and man just dealing must prevail in commercial dealings and that Sanctuary must be given in case of disputes and threatened violence, so that hot tempers might cool off and right counsels prevail. In the marketplace and fairs of the Greeks the arts of Apollo were developed, for men used their time when they were not trading, in athletic adventures, running, leaping, wrestling, boxing, putting the shot and hurling the spear, with Apollo over all to assure fair play. The agora was a pleasant and profitable place to spend the time, and it was the center of intellectual activities as well as of sports and trade. There bards came to sing their songs, with pantomime and dancing, and poets read their poems, travellers told the news and related their adventures, soothsayers uttered their prophecies, and those who had wrongs to be righted called for an assembly and stated their case to the people, as young Telemachus did, appealing to Zeus and Apollo to right their wrongs.

In general and in little every marketplace was a Delos where those who worshipped Apollo might meet an interested audience face to face and be encouraged in his undertakings. Oh, the pity, that modern fairs and marketplaces have so little to do with Apollo and those who are dear to his Muses! What artistic heights might the modern peoples not rise to if Apollo and his artists were with us in daily life, not treated as unessential and apart!

In the ancient Delian Festival, every member of the family took part, as is seen in the Homeric Hymn to Apollo:

"There in thy honor, Apollo the long-robed Ionians assemble with their children and their gracious dames. So often as they hold thy Festival, they celebrate thee, for thy joy, with boxing and dancing and song. A man would say that they were strangers to death and old age evermore, who should come to the Ionians thus gathered; for he would see the goodliness, of all the people and would rejoice in his soul beholding the men and the fairly cinctured women, and their swift ships, and their great wealth; and besides, that wonder of which the fame shall not perish, the maidens of Delos, handmaidens of Apollo, the Far-Darter. First they hymn Apollo, then Leto and Artemis delighting in arrows; and then they sing the praise of heroes of yore and of women, and throw their spell over the tribes of men."

The nation was strong when the maidens sang hymns in praise of the god of Justice, the Far-Darter who shoots arrows of Justice to the farthest mark, and in which they sing also praises of ideal heroes of yore, like Odysseus and of faithful women, like Penelope. With such songs as that of the Trojan War all of Greece would be united in a sense of common ideals and purposes.

To train athletes, gymnasiums were started, to develop artist schools were necessary. And the arts were for the nation's life, not for a privileged few, detached and decadent as the arts and art patrons tend to become in less fortunate periods and places. In her great period, there was no frumpiness or decadence about the arts of

(Continued on Page 34)

Red Figure Attic Vases

by GISELA M. A. RICHTER



Nike Crowning a Victorious Youth

This superb vase is by the Panthesileia painter, named after his best work "The Achilles and Panthesileia" in Munich. He was one of the chief exponents of the naturalistic in Greek vase painting, says Gisela M. A. Richter in her authoritative book "Red Figure Attic Vases". All vases on this page are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Pursuing Satyrs

is a subject used frequently by Makron who painted the above vase. He must have painted over 240 works, thirty of which are extant.



Theseus is Punishing Skiron

Scene from a Gallatin Vase, an Amphora (Painted probably by Diogenes) now in the Metropolitan.

ALEKO KYRIAKOS

A THOROUGHGOING GREEK MODERNIST

By KIMON FRIAR

Aleko Diomedes-Kyriakos was born in 1922 in Berlin. The family, on the paternal side, comes from the island of Spetses off the eastern coast of the Peloponnese. His father, though born in Greece, was raised in Germany, and Aleko himself, except for a year which he spent in Greece during his infancy, remained in Germany until 1937 when the family returned to remain in Greece in order to escape the growing fascism of Germany. Kyriakos has remained in Greece ever since. For a year he studied at the School of Arts in Athens, but impatient of its restraints, left to study

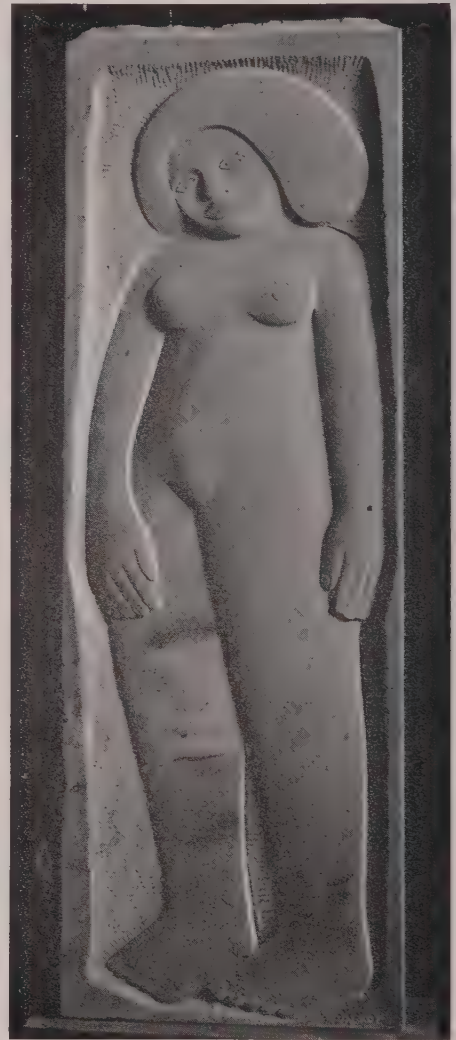


SEATED WOMAN

By Aleko Kyriakos

by himself. He learned to work in stone by himself, and in marble from a tombstone maker living near his studio on the outskirts of the Athenian Cemetery. In the fall of 1947, he exhibited at Parnassos, and was immediately recognized by Athenian critics to be the best young talent in Greece today. In June of 1948 he sailed for America, hoping to find there unlimited freedom in which to live and to create.

Kyriakos believes that a work of art should have both technique and meaning, that it should

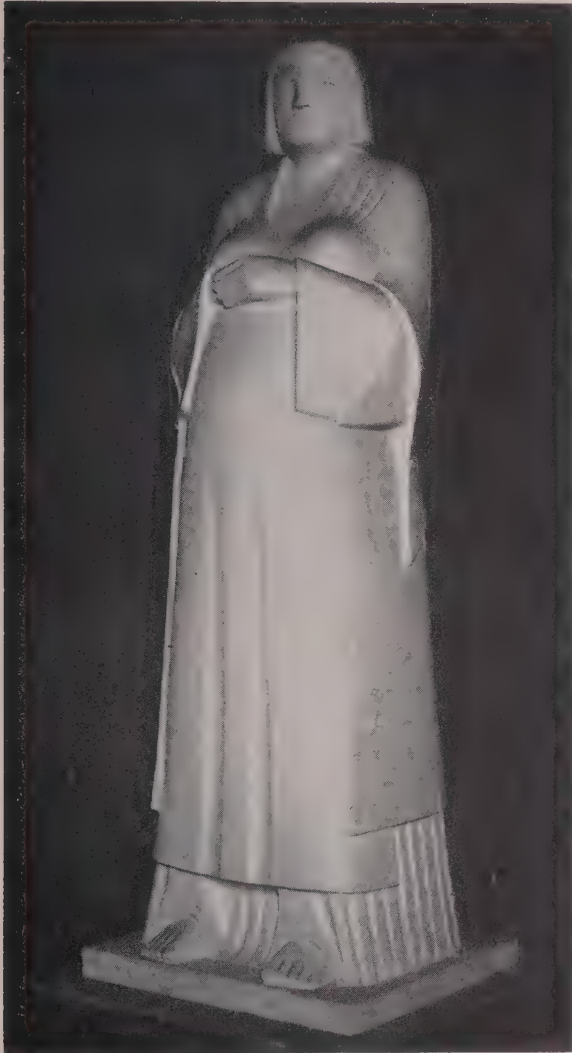


THE MAIDEN

By Aleko Kyriakos

not be an objective image copied in stone, but should come alive out of the material in which the sculptor is working. It should be a fusion between the objective image either mentally or physically perceived, and the peculiar qualities of the medium in which the artist is working, whether hard or soft stone, wood, plaster or metal. Therefore a work of art cannot be naturalistic, but must be a combination of objective image and material, to which must be added, of course, the sculptor's own particular way of looking at things.

Sculpture, Kyriakos believes, because of its very nature, cannot deal with the momentary or episodic, cannot catch the fleeting moment of



THE CONCEPTION

By Aleko Kyriakos

mood or speed, but must be based on fundamental and universal laws. The material itself, and the time in which it takes the sculptor to conceive and to bring his work to completion, make for a more monumental and basic art.

Kyriakos's attitude to his work is his attitude to life in general: in both he looks for a balancing of forces, physical and spiritual, in which the health of the body and the health of the mind are one. Consequently, he tries to conceive of and produce a work which is balanced, based on universal laws of existence, and which may achieve a calm and stasis which he believes underlies the flux of phenomena.

These two attitudes of Kyriakos, that a statue is the combination of outer image, material, and inner vision, and that it is based on universal laws, are immediately perceived in his work. His **Seated Woman**, in unpolished red marble, indicates these qualities and shows how his work may therefore tend toward abstraction. On the whole, his

statuary is simple in outline and proportion, and grand in conception, of which **Mother and Child** and **Conception** are two examples taken from many. The subject matter in these statues is classic, the treatment is such as to emphasize not any particular image, but universal images of Conception and Motherhood given particularity and intensity by the sculptor's personal reinterpretation of basic laws. Whatever the statues may mean, they are all united by a calm dignity, as if to say that serenity lies even in the heart of agitation. His work in bas-relief shows the same simplicity of outline and concept, but here grandeur has given away to a lyricism of line, and when combined with the depiction of awakening adolescence, as in **The Maiden**, results in one of his best works. Two things will always draw Kyriakos safely away from either complete abstraction or from proportions universalized to such a degree as to lose all individuality: his love and respect for whatever material he works in, and his own pronounced individuality of character.

June, 1948, Athens



MOTHER AND CHILD

By Aleko Kyriakos

Modern Greek Poetry

NOTATION OF THREE NIGHTS

For KIMON FRIAR

I.

When it is dark . . . as when the answer
Arrived and rose secretly from earth to eyes
Like mercury mounting in the thermometer
Or like subdued clover as it is vanishing in the sky,
As when a thousand voices had been found
For the exiled voice, some on the road
Shifting their life from hand to hand
Some waving their hands and some saying goodbye
To white ships of cloud with shining portholes
Like the eyes of young girls which open up very early in the
morning,
And those who hurried and ran to anticipate someone
To welcome him and sleep with a clear conscience.

II.

Those shells were the silver ones, I gathered them
One by one from the beach of your bitterness,
These were the butterflies with wings half burnt away
One by one I gathered them
From your skin which — as at reveille
After battle some soldier — does not say "present",
Someone who used to play the harmonia and amuse his company—
So your skin does not say "present".
I give these shells and these butterflies
To you and I take them back again
Until they grow old
Like currency
That goes from hand to hand
Or from murder to murder.
Good-night, it is time to go;
The dog barks
At death.

III.

He watches; he makes a final attempt
When he must, he wipes himself with his handkerchief
Until he loses color
Until he comes out in his natural color
As when in a cellar there grows
A tender beanstalk which stretched out
And noses out of a crack of light.
He meets a friend, greets him and says
That a lady is waiting on the fourth floor
Whose eyes open and close
On a new page every time
So that you cannot learn the text of the book
To any degree.
You take her hand you hide it in a box
And keep it at your disposal always
Even when the crickets have gone away
And the drawer with its manuscripts catches on fire
This is what I was thinking of, and I knew how quickly
The telegraph goes with its congratulations
Or its death announcement.
I continue with what I was saying; "but I must take care
Because it's enough to give me words, or a common grimace,
And all can go to the devil, as we say,
Prices fall, my creditors pursue me,
I lose my shares of starlight.
Why should I smile? Should I not have been savage?
Why did I give him a cordial handshake? Why didn't I steal
His heart from the inside pocket of his jacket . . .

The cigaretter is forgotten on the tablecloth
And smoke pours out
From a black hole which has opened up in my head.
The result is horrible

IV.

I became frightened with this thirsting city
Now the ship's dog barks at the barge
That unloads the ship's boy in the lemon-market.
Suddenly there in the middle of the market
A silver belfry of Constantinople rises,
And the shipmaster, a man as tall as all that,
Loaded with holy icons and communion cups
And a pearl from Persia (his thought
Ever since it was found in seashells)
He flirts with a girl from Syros with a bracelet
And for the comfort sleep my bring.
At night on the mezzanine the songs of Pireaus
Squeeze our bones.

V.

Hypothesis. ("If the plot of the work," says the programme of
the cinema,
"Is read before or after the show - life changes.")
The evening is beautiful and fragmentary,
Only the footstep of the general is unfragmented
Who wants men to understand without question
And to whistle marches for him when they return
From the quarries and from All Soul's Night.
At night in the house
His wife shakes off the dust from his clothes
She takes out the nails from his body one by one
She calls him "my little Emmanuel,"
And they sleep quietly.
Before all Soul's Night
life changes.
Afterwards the trees sing;
"The sparrow loops the loop
And the axe-stroke upon us . . ."
Now give one word of yours
To dig my breast that I may find for it
The most brilliant place
Then let it later leave as prayer leaves
Truly, how it sprouts, how it grows up,
How satisfying is prayer.

VI.

A little light; thought is white
Like a bed sheet of a hotel
Which covers up transitory sleeps;
Hands are the tragic martyrs of Christianity
They are stoned for love and for the soul's peace
The soul which is poured out upon bookcovers,
It paints sun-bathed lambs on the ceiling
Around the naked osiers near the sea,
It goes out on the balcony, it commits suicide on the potted
plants,
It returns, it studies the blue storks
Who cut the flaming noon with their beaks,
It turns the key in the door, locks it,
It gives the key - my God, gives it into thy hand,
Its own hand is on the electric switch
And it utters this ancient saying:

I KNOW THE SONGS OF ALL THE BIRDS

From the first day when we shall be born.

D. P. PAPADITSAS

YOUNG GREECE AT SCHOOL AND PLAY



Youth spends as much time on sports to-day in modern Greece as they did in the palestra of ancient Athens. College games are played in all sports common to America and England. One frequently sees them in a game of basketball with American or British Army or Navy teams. When a ship "of the line" steams into Pireaus, Salonica or Kavalla the challenge goes out to the local college team. The whole city turns out for the game. It is a great time in the old town when the college boys bear off the laurels of victory, as often happens. In boat racing and swimming the modern Greek is as proficient and graceful as the Olympians.

(The buildings are "The American College" dormitories in Salonica).



A group of Greek Girl Guides on a picnic. They were having a delightful lot of fun playing at simple stunts and exercises after a healthy meal of dark bread, cheese, olives, tomatoes and grapes. What amazed us was the fact that they would rather sit in the sun than in the shade. The picnic was within the bounds of the town of Aghia Triada, one of the loveliest places on the Aegean to swim. They will go swimming later.



(PHOTOS AND CAPTIONS BY RANDOLPH HILL)



Fruit is everywhere in evidence in the land of the Hellenes. Even the peasants have enough fruit to eat. Oranges are equal to those of California and grapes surpass them in quality and flavor. The boy eating the bread and cheese - the national favorite of all classes in Greece - is an American. He is the son of a former Buffalo theatre owner. His mother went back to Saloniki after the death of her husband.



Greece and America get acquainted in a typical country scene. A youthful American and a young Greek who lost his father in the war are amused over a pig. They are talking in a language children all over the world understand: the language of laughter and love. Neither can speak the others tongue - but - they are learning.

Mr. Stratos Paraskavaides, leader of youth in Northern Greece, with a group of boys on the roof of a school building. Note the background of barren mountains. These mountains when planted to trees grow them splendidly. The lack of re-forestation is a tragic waste and leads to erosion.

These boys are from the best families in the country and will be leaders in a generation. Mr. Paraskavaides is an authority on "Puppets". He has organized two clubs of "puppeteers" and they have put on several shows since the war. American friends have sent them "marionettes" as models and donated supplies. It is one of the activities that has helped restore the morale of the people.

American Travellers in Greece Before 1821

By G. CH. SOULIS

(Continued from Last Issue)

Everett remained in Yanina three days. When he was ready to leave, he paid a second visit to Ali Pasha which he describes in his journal thus: "At two o'clock today we went by the vizier's appointment to his savai, within the Castle to take our leave of him . . . We found the vizier, when we were admitted to his presence, in a small room on the ground floor. He renewed his questions with such earnestness about America, American commerce and politics. He showed us his famous dagger, of which the handle is set with jewels to the value of one hundred thousand dollars. The largest of them was sold to him for eight thousand pounds sterling by Gustavus Adolphus, the late unfortunate King of Sweden, 'a poor king,' as Ali named him with apparent complacency. This diamond had been valued at Paris at twelve thousand Napoleons and was certainly a splendid jewel. Ali informed us that the handle was made and the diamond set by a workman of Yanina; and the work was as coarse and clumsy as might have been expected. The vizier was supposed always to keep with him a considerable treasure in diamonds. Sir Thomas Maitland informed us that at a meeting with Ali on occasion of one of their conferences relative to the cession of Parga, Ali drew from his bosom a small bag of diamonds, and proposed to have them set in the form of a star, like that which Sir Thomas wore as a Knight of the Bath . . . The said diamonds were afterwards set in the handle of the dagger. On our remarking to him that the dagger was worthy of his magnificence, he said he was too old to use it. Having understood from us that we were soon to depart for Athens, he promised us an order on all his post masters for as many horses as we should want, and a Tartar to conduct and protect us in travelling through his dominions. On our leaving him he proposed to us to examine the apartments and treasures of the Serai, which we accordingly did. We passed through a long and rather narrow entry, in which were hung up a great many guns said to be all loaded. No pains appeared to be taken to keep them clean; but many of them were richly inlaid with silver and gold; and set with jewels or what seemed to be such. The room into which we were conducted resembled rather the show room of a furniture and a variety shop than an apartment in a palace. It contained pianoforte, several clocks of various models, chandeliers, looking glasses, mahogany cabinets, bird cases and some other articles of furniture given no doubt at various times to the vizier, as presents some of them the plunder of his ways. Above and among everything else were rich guns, pistols and sabres in great abundance . . . We passed about two

hours in our interview with the vizier and in the examination of his curiosities."

After the description of his last interview with Ali Pasha Everett gives us a good account of Yanina, its population, economic conditions, etc., which are likewise very interesting because they are first hand information. He also devotes a considerable number of pages to the ancient oracle of Dodona and in his despair of being unable to define its site, he quotes Byron's verses:

Oh! where Dodona! is thine aged grove,
Prophetic fount, and oracle divine?
What valley-echo'd the response of Jove?
What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine?
All, all forgotten . . .

From Yanina Everett, continuing his tour, reached Metsovo on his way to Thessaly. As usual, he describes the town and devotes a few words to the Wallach population of the Pindus area. On entering Thessaly the first place he visited was Meteora. These impressive rocks rising out of an extensive plain crowded with the famous Byzantine monasteries had attracted other travellers before Everett. Everett climbed these famous rocks by the only way at that time, a special net. The description of the monasteries he visited and of the community of the monks is truly interesting. Besides this, he gives some historical facts about the foundation of the monasteries of Meteora during the late period of the Byzantine Empire, which are doubtless taken from the books of other travellers. While in Meteora he requested permission to see the library. "We were led," he writes, "with great privacy through a corridor and several rooms to a small one called the library. The collection contained several printed Greek books, among them some of good editions, such as the Aldini. Among the manuscripts, saw nothing that seemed to be valuable except a Chrysostom in good order in several volumes written on parchment." We must say here that Everett was interested in manuscripts of works of classical authors. For that reason he characterized the manuscript collections of Meteora as of no value. The research work of Prof. Nikos A. Beys in Meteora ninety years after Everett's journey showed us that the Meteora manuscript collections were of a great importance for the late Byzantine and meta-Byzantine history.²⁹

From Meteora he set out for the neighbouring town of Kalambaka, and from Kalambaka he traversed the whole Thessalian plain passing through Trikala, Turnovo, Baba, Ambelakis, Larissa, Pharsala. He gives a detailed description of all these places and alludes to their ancient history. Finally he gives a detailed account of the customs, the life of the people. At Turnovo he met the other son of Ali Pasha, Veli, who was the governor of that area and with whom he had a conversa-

tion. Quite picturesque is his description of Ambelakia. He mentions its industry and the correlative system by which it operated.

From Thessaly he travelled to Zitouni (Lamia), then to Thermopylae, Gravia, Saloma (Amphissa), Chryso, Delphi, Distomo, Livadia, Theva (Thebai), Eleusis and Athens. The description of these places is rather short, excepting of Athens. On his arrival at Athens, he first expresses his admiration for the cultural accomplishments of this city in the classical age and gives a very lively and sympathetic description of the Attica landscape and natural beauties. Then he speaks about the Acropolis and the other ancient monuments of Athens. Finally he speaks of modern Athens and its population, which he sets at 10,000. He gives a very spirited picture of the Athenian society of the time. While in Athens Everett visited the Makris family. This was the same family with which Byron had stayed and met the "Maid of Athens" of his famous poem.

The last pages of Everett's journal contain an account of a religious festival of Turkish dervishes in a mosque of Athens which he witnessed. Here his journal suddenly stops and the description of the ceremony remains unfinished.

Everett unfortunately never finished his account of his travel in Greece, but the existing manuscript contains the most important part of his tour. My attempts to find the original notes he kept while in Greece were unsuccessful. Thus, to my knowledge, we do not possess anything which gives an account of his journey past Athens, except some allusions in his other writings. We know, for instance, that he went to Constantinople, where he bought a good collection of Greek manuscripts now deposited in Houghton Library at Harvard University.

The unfinished journal of Everett which I have summarized above remains still unpublished in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Only Everett himself had published an account of his visit to Yanina early in 1820 which, compared with the manuscript of the Massachusetts Historical Society, is much shorter and less rich in information than the latter.²²

We have given above a summary of Everett's journal which I believe shows the importance of this manuscript. Of course it cannot be of so great importance as the works of other travellers, such as Leake or Pouqueville. Nevertheless, Everett shows a profound knowledge of classical Greece, he is well acquainted with the books of previous travellers (e. g., Spon, Hobhouse, Leake, Holland, etc.) and above all he is a keen observer, who presents us a very lively and vivid picture of Greece on the eve of the Revolution of 1821. His description of Ali Pasha and his dominions which occupies three-fourths of the whole manuscript require the special attention of the student of this period of the Greek history.

* * *

Besides these two American travellers whom we have just discussed and whose visits to Greece were primarily inspired by their admiration of Classical Greece, there are some others who visited the country through other motives. This is the case of the agents of the American Board of Com-

missioners for Foreign Missions. The American Board had started a few missionary enterprises in the Near East during the late 1810's. These enterprises were directed primarily toward the Jews of Palestine, but the missionaries in their travels in the eastern Mediterranean area, visited several islands of the Aegean archipelago. It was in 1819 when two American missionaries—Pliny Fisk and Leviv Parsons—left the United States for Palestine. On the 15th of January, 1820, they arrived at Smyrna, where they established the headquarters of their missionary efforts.²³ In Smyrna they spent several months, and their impressions and reports from that area can be found today in the archives of the American Board kept at Houghton Library. Among Fisk's papers there are many fragments of an irregular journal that he kept.

In the summer of 1820 both missionaries went to the island of Chios, where they spent some months for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the modern Greek language. W. Bambas, who was their teacher, continued his friendly relations with the American missions in later years when he was teaching in Corfu. Some letters and notes of the two missionaries from Chios, kept in Houghton Library, contain very good descriptions of the conditions under which the Greek population of the island lived just before the Revolution. From Chios they returned to Smyrna where they remained through the beginning of the Revolution. Their reports and letters from Smyrna are of considerable importance as a source of information, particularly about the conditions of the Greek population in Asia Minor and the neighboring islands at the time when the Revolution started in Wallachia and Peloponnesus.²⁴ During the same year the two missionaries left Smyrna and went to Malta and then to Syria, where they continued their missionary work.

The activities of the American Board in Greece reach their height during and after the Revolution. Later they encountered the opposition of the Bavarian government of King Otto and also of reactionary officials of the Greek Church, who characterized their activities as camouflaged religious proselytism, whereas the activities of the American missionaries in Greece were confined to the fields of war relief and education. This opposition and a variety of other circumstances in the rest of the Balkan states contributed to the decrease of American activities in Greece and their transfer to neighbouring countries, such as European Turkey and Bulgaria.

Here I do not intend to give the story of the activities of the American Board in Greece, since it would be outside the scope of the present article, but I have preferred to mention it because these activities have their roots in the work of Fisk and Parsons who visited Greece in 1820.²⁵

American travellers in Greece after 1821 are numerous and many of them managed to publish their journals, like Jonathan Miller,²⁶ Rufus Anderson,²⁷ Josiah Brewer,²⁸ John Jarvis,²⁹ Samuel Howe,³⁰ Cornelius C. Felton,³¹ etc. These journals are also of a special importance. They are very objective and impartial reports on the conditions

BARBARA CONSTANTOPOULOS

ANGLO-SAXON ROMANTICIST

(Paraphrased from the Greek of Angelos Prokopios by D. MICHALAROS)

The first time I came across some of the work of Barbara Constantopoulos, I had but recently returned from an exhibition by the painter Theophilos. This invited a comparison even though the two are by no means matched. Nevertheless Barbara exhibits some of the simplicity and a bit of the purity of this strange man from Lesbos.

A more careful scrutiny of her works, and of her temperament convinced me however that, the primitivism of Mme. Constantopoulos is not su-



MARIAN

By Barbara Constantopoulos

perficial but could be instinctive or even organic. In fact this artist seems to have arrived without much tutorship and certainly without any academic pretensions. She is then an autodidact. That explains her sincerity and the spontaneity that permeates her work. To be sure, one misses the popular touch in much of her work, the touch for instance of an autodidact like the French painter Rousseau, or even our own Theophilos. Nevertheless her style is not in that order, and should not be confused with any "schools". Suffice that she displays her own qualifications. Her self-portrait, reproduced here, looms as a grande dame of the QUATTROCENTO in a classical or rather in a Greek background. Perhaps that is what she is looking for. On the one hand to approach

the designing of the early Renaissance in a realistic fashion, and on the other to recreate reminiscences of her early Greek training. This ambition, beset as it is with sacrifice and hard work, has paid dividends by imparting a certain individuality in her work. Perhaps she even has left behind the stage of critical experimentation, as every true artist must.

Strictly speaking her drawing sets to motion and by means safe and strong, the possibilities psychological and otherwise of her overwhelming personality. One can read all this in her self-portrait. A head rather solid, sporting an Egyptian hair-do, resting on two equally powerful shoulders, dominates this canvas noted chiefly for its balance, the fine distribution of the robust landscape scenes; the huge land masses that suggest immobility. Still even here design is king. Everything, hair, nose, lips, the Greek buildings, Grecian background, all betray something that is pure and sensitive, something that could be crowded into a child's craving for simple detail.

Likewise her imagination is said to be Medusa-like. The terrible fascinates her. Her contribution to a recent Parnassus exhibition was the head with the snakes. To her a significant contribution. But her real hero is the Cyclops. That melancholy single eye, which seems to gaze on the world of today from the depths of its mythological existence, this delicate Knight from some Northern region, surely, he has stolen from the East into the Court of Shakespearean heroes, there to become one with Hamlet and King Lear. And why not?

Barbara sees her Greek mythology through Anglo-axon lenses. Here we have an Anglo-Saxon romanticist. Else, how could a Greek painter, bred into the Greek skies, paint Marian or a Hamlet, as this lady does? Hers is the way of the North. And yet these two paintings are probably her best. Very well then, what do they mean to us, the Greeks? Somehow they live behind a royal curtain or even a dark wall that is covered with wooden Gothic design right up to the roof. It is these shadings of the velvet curtain and of the wooden Gothic lacework which Barbara has captured in her work, and which certainly astound us today in this so-called impressionistic age. For with their aristocratic environment and sombre surroundings, the figures of such a Hamlet or such a Marian visualize worlds that somehow evade us, worlds that for us the Greeks must remain riddles, enclosed as they are in the mists of the poetry of the North, yes, the poetry of the troubador, of the flaxen-haired lover, of the people who could start a crusade or who could overthrow a throne. These are the faces of people who live in a sunless clime that

(Continued on Page 31)



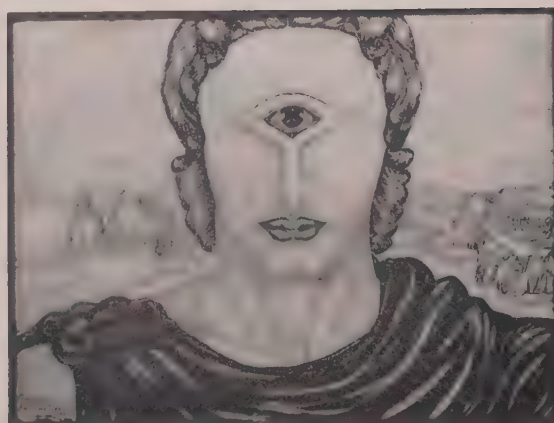
SELF-PORTRAIT

By Barbara Constantopoulos



HEAD OF MEDUSA

By Barbara Constantopoulos



THE CYCLOPS POLYPHEMUS

By Barbara Constantopoulos

GREEK FOLK LORE

THE BLACK ANGEL

By THEODORE GIANAKOULIS

Fear like a shadow hung over all the villages in Heliochora. First came hail, beating down the young crop like a flail of heaven. Then seething swarms of locusts fell in clouds upon the fields.

"It is the wrath of God!" cried the people.

"It is sin!"

Sheep and goats died of some unknown disease, and while we were praying for mercy and stretching impotent arms toward heaven, the fever swept into our midst. There was mourning in every house, and laughter was no longer heard. The bells of all the churches tolled for the dead. Litanies were held in the open; all who escaped the black curse took part, but the children still died one by one.

"Wrath of God!" murmured the villagers in awed voices. Mothers wept and made the sign of the cross. Many had seen on the crossroads of Heliochora the black death-god, who cannot see tears or hear pleading or feel the agony of a mother's soul. One day while the church bells mourned for the dying children, the voice of Kyra Tassaina, the sorceress, rang out suddenly:

"Close your doors, fools! Close your doors, for the Black Angel is blind and he enters wherever he finds an open door."

From house to house she went calling out her message. We children who had not been touched by the curse followed her. When she met a woman with a child, she lifted her stick high and shrieked:

"Fool, hide your child! The Black Angel is here, roaming among these hills. He is blind and he will stumble upon your child if it is in his way."

When Kyra Tassaina came upon a woman crying because her little ones were ill with the fever, she asked:

"Why weep? He cannot hear you. He is heartless and cannot feel your sorrow. He is blind and staggering. Look, look! There he comes!"

She pointed with her stick down the road. Her voice rose more shrill. "If he finds your door open, he will enter. Go home, go home and close your door!"

"She is crazy," remarked a passer-by.

"No," said another, "Kyra Tassaina knows what she is talking about."

Suddenly the sorceress noticed us children who had been all the while behind her. She whirled on us, her thin white hair jerking on her shoulders, her eyes glittering.

"Go hide yourselves! He is coming. Don't you see him? If he catches you, he will drag you with him and you will never come back."

A little group of people had gathered about her now.

"What do you mean?" someone asked. "Who is going to take the children?"

"The death-god," she answered, "the Black Angel. Don't you know him?" She turned her wild eyes from one to another of her listeners, beat her hands together, or waved her stick as she went on. "Once he was called the White Angel. Then he was the kindest of the angels of heaven. He brought peace and rest, and listened to the prayers of the sorrowful. No more—no more! Now he cannot hear. He is blind and cruel. Go close your doors, close your doors!"

"Long ago he was appointed the Angel of Peace. He was sent out from heaven to fold the hands of those who have come to the end of their journey and give them rest. He was all in white and he rode on a winged horse. A Voice from the sky that he alone could hear and understand guided him."

The Voice, Kyra Tassaina explained, came first out of the twilight. "Take the sick in this house." The Angel of Peace made himself invisible and slipped in as quietly as the lengthening shadows. On the bed lay a man twisted with pain. His lips were parched. Sweat stood on his forehead. His face was drawn and distorted. The Angel bent over him and touched the forehead, the lips, and the tortured body with his cool hands. Peace came to the sick man; he did not suffer any more; and gladly the White Angel bore his soul with him as he rode on his way.

The second time the Voice came at twilight from winter skies. "Take the aged in this house." The Angel, making himself invisible, crept in as silently as the gathering darkness. Beside the cold ashes on the hearth sat an old woman, bent and shivering. Children and grandchildren were around her, huddled close to keep warm. The children were bare, and the children cried from hunger. "I am tired, mumbled the old woman. "I cannot be warmed any more, and what I eat, these hungry children ought to have." The White Angel leaned down and gently brushed the weary shoulders and the sad face of the old woman with his white wings. He gave her peace, and she no longer felt cold and hunger and bitterness. The Angel was happy as he bore her soul with him.

The third time the Voice came out of a mystic spring night. "Take the soul of the prisoner in this place." As noiselessly as the stars were shining, the White Angel stole into a wild, rocky quarry where men slept in chains. They were condemned for life to work among these rocks. Only one was awake, an innocent man falsely convicted. His eyes stared through the blackness to the far hills where in other spring times he had roamed free.

"I cannot bear to watch the spring come back in beauty to these hills," he whispered. "Oh, let me not see another dawn!" Oh, let my heart burst out of these chains!" The Angel stooped and tenderly pressed his lips to the chains and

the tumultuous heart. The prisoner was free and knew peace, and the White Angel filled with joy as he bore his soul with him.

The Angel, riding on, came in the morning to a great city where crowds of people stood in close-packed lines down the long streets. Some had waited all night, and weariness was heavy upon them, but their faces were all eager as they turned in one direction, straining their eyes and listening. As the Angel paused among them, he heard trumpets and saw approaching a splendid procession with horses and banners and rich-robed figures. "The Emperor comes!" shouted a messenger running before them. "His majesty returns victorious!" "Hail, hail!" "Welcome!" cried the people, some tossing up their hats, some waving their arms, some falling to their knees in reverence. The White Angel saw the monarch in his glinting and coat of mail, proudly riding his tall horse caparisoned in purple and silver. Then sounded the Voice that only the Angel could hear. "Take the soul of the emperor!"

Obediently the White Angel stepped forward unseen into the path of the procession. He raised his hand. The emperor gripped his bridle; his face grew ashen pale; he tottered and would have fallen to the street had not his guards caught him. The trumpets were hushed. The procession stopped. The awe-stricken people with terror on their faces pressed about their ruler. The court physicians, hurrying up, bent over him anxiously. They consulted together, then shook their heads. The watching crowds lifted a long, despairing moan. "Oh, save our Emperor," they wailed. "Do not let him die in the moment of victory. Save our Emperor!"

The Angel looked upon the distress of these thousands who had been happy a moment before. "I am the Angel of Peace," he said to himself. "How can I bring grief to all these hearts?" He dropped his hand. Backward he moved through the lines and went on his way without the soul of the emperor.

When he had ridden on a little, the Voice spake out of the sky. It was not commanding nor angry, but very sad. "My servant, you have disobeyed me." The Angel bowed his head and galloped on faster and faster through the bright morning.

At noon the White Angel reached a house of rejoicing. It was the home of a bridegroom where everything was made ready for the bride. Flower garlanded the doorway. A path of flower petals within led to two seats of honor placed high and awaiting the bride and groom. Long tables were set with sparkling glass and silver. Torches and tall candles dimmed the light of noon and gleamed on the silks and jewels of the guests. The wedding procession had reached the house. The bride, in her white satin dress beneath her long white veil with lilies pale against her smooth dark hair, approached the threshold. Shouts from the gay crowd inside welcomed her, and blossoms like fragrant snow showered over her. Then the Voice commanded: "Take the soul of the bride!"

The White Angel invisible, stepped between the two, and as the bride was crossing the threshold he touched her shoulder. She stopped, her

hand to her throat; she swayed; she fell limp upon the doorstep. The guests drew back, terror-stricken. The bridegroom leaped forward and knelt beside her. He called her name, but she did not answer him. He caught her up in his arms, but she made no response. Turning his pale face toward heaven, he prayed in a frenzy, "God, do not take her from me! My beloved! I shall die without her. I cannot give her up."

The Angel hesitated. Again the Voice called to him, "Take the soul of the bride!" In the strained silence he felt the agony of the bridegroom and the sorrow of his guests. "I am the Angel of Peace. I cannot change this into a house of mourning," he said to himself. Turning away, he passed from among them without the soul of the bride.

He had not ridden far when he heard the Voice from heaven grieved yet patient saying, "My servant, you have again disobeyed me." The White Angel let his head fall upon his breast, but he galloped fast, fast through the moon sunlight.

At the end of the day, when he was riding slowly along the bank of a stream, watching the red sun sink into the water, he discovered a hut. There was no light in any of the windows, but a sound of sobbing came from within. Forgetting to make himself invisible, the White Angel entered the hut and saw a woman in black bending over her child. She raised her drawn, tear-reddened face to him slowly and did not seem surprised to see him there, "Can you save my child?" she asked anxiously. "He is so sick,—so helpless!"

Out of the clouds rolled the Voice that none but the Angel could hear. "Take the soul of the child!"

The Angel hesitated. Then he remembered the sadness in that Voice when he had disobeyed. His face grew grim. He picked up the child and turned to the door. The mother sprang after him "Where are you going? You're not taking him away? Give back my child!"

The White Angel faltered. "Take the soul of the child!" repeated the Voice. Pressing the child closer, he strode on and leaped upon his horse. The mother darted after him and caught at the bridle. "You can't take all I have. Oh, give him back to me! He is all I have." Her voice filled the infinite.

The Angel sat still in the saddle. It was growing rapidly darker. He could scarcely see the mother, but he felt her arms clutching at him as she reached wildly for her child. The Voice came like a low roll of thunder, "Take the soul of the child!" He started his horse, but the mother clung to him calling frantically, "Stop, stop! Give him back, give him back!"

The White Angel turned suddenly, thrust the child into her arms, and galloped away blindly into the gloom. He listened for the Voice and felt desolation in his heart.

The call rang out, solemn and insistent, "Come into my presence before the altar of light."

The Angel began to tremble. Swiftly he mounted the skies and found himself in the house

of God, magnificent beyond his comprehension. His horse was led away by an unseen hand. He stood abashed amid the hosts of angels, mass upon mass, tier upon tier, shining, silent.

"Where is the soul of the bride?" He shook his head. His shoulders bowed as if beneath a weight.

"Where is the soul of the child?" He stood rigid. There was no stir. He felt the relentless eyes of God and the angels fixed upon him. Suddenly he fell to his knees and, racked with sobs that made no sound, stretched his arms toward the altar of light.

"You do not know my purpose, nor can anyone else," spoke the Voice of God; "you can never know. My servant is to obey. Never again shall you set your impulsive heart against my will. Never again shall your eyes lead you into disobedience or your ears hearken to the pleas of the ignorant. Look down over these walls. What do you see?"

The Angel looked. "I see clouds," he said in a breaking voice, "and beneath them the sun and beneath it the earth."

"What do you see upon the earth?"

"Mountains and seas, rivers and meadows."

"What more? Look closely."

"Cities and streets and people—children playing—birds and insects—ants crawling over the ground."

"Who gives life to all these?" asked the Voice. "And who protects ever the least of them. Now look above all and tell what you see."

"Stars—innumerable worlds—light—light—the infinite!"

"Who governs this also?" Now look upon my face!"

The Angel obeyed. He beheld a glory of light intense, terrific, blinding, burning. He staggered. He covered his eyes with his hands, but the light shone on, filling all space, penetrating

his very self. He screamed. Then darkness.

"You will never see anything more." God's Voice was compassionate, yet unwavering. "Listen. What do you hear?"

The Angel's lips moved stiffly. His words were feltering and choked.

"I hear temple bells, violins playing for a dance and people singing, a dog barking in welcome."

"What else do you hear?"

"The chorus of the oceans, the music of the winds, and the call of star to star as they pass each other."

"Listen again."

An uproar like the shattering of worlds and the tumult of a thousand shouts crashed over him. The white Angel felt a tremendous heat. His skin was seared; his garments shriveled upon him; his senses sickened with pain; his heart grew hot, swelled to bursting.

"You will never hear nor feel again," The Voice seemed very low and far away. "You will return to the earth and you will take any soul that comes in your path. You will not hear any more nor care any more. You are the Black Angel. Go!"

"Thy will be done," answered the Angel in a hoarse whisper. He was in a darkness without sound, without sensation. He had become black. Invisible hands took away his scorched white garments and threw about him the black cloak of sorrow. He was set on a black horse, and he descended to the earth. Ever since, the earth dwellers fear him and call him Death."

Kyra Tassaina paused and pierced one after the other of us with her sharp glance. She raised her stick. Her lips trembled. "The Black Angel is cruel, my children!" she cried. "He cannot hear, he is blind, he is heartless. Hide from him. There! there he comes! I see him! Go home and close your doors, fools, close your doors!"

SONNET

Patient you hold the torch until my hair
Like some bold raven breaks across the flame
While I who hungered after distant fires,
Hoping from one to learn my fate, my name,
Become, myself, a flame beside a brook.
And you who burned away my chill despair
With scarlet flowers nad a scorn of fame —
How can I speak of you? There are no lyres
Large as the song I'd pluck. There is no book
To lock you in; you'd wander out again.

Look now! the ghost of solitude suspires
Just as you come ot me, divine and bare,
To make a goddess where you would eplain
That but for me you, too, would lack a name.

9/4/48

U. N.

Treading a spiral of
smoke we rise from the patronymic
mould to create a boy's
inheritance; slender with grief,
vocal as

the dust

at Arnheim, we shout down the pavid
gods of our first garden, the fountain's sly
traducements, to raise a

star

above the peasant's
doorstep . . .

8/20/48

Greek Art



A primitive figurine of Helladic culture
said to be 5000 years old



The Charioteer at Delphi



Primitive Vase of high art value now in the Athens Museum



JOHN L. MANTA

snapped informally at his desk by Athene photographer preaches unity.

Successful in business he has sponsored many of our institutions and championed many causes.

John L. Manta, Apostle of Greek-American Unity Urged for Greek War Relief Post

Six years ago, John L. Manta, Chicago business man and national Greek-American figure, championed the strengthening of the social and economic forces of the Hellenic element in the country through organization. At that time the war was with us, and the problem of Greek-American unity became accentuated because of it. Much work was to be done. War bonds had to be sold in huge quantities; The Red Cross and the services needed support; and the Greek War Relief Association taxed most of our relief efforts, as Greek-Americans.

In the midst of all these exigencies Mr. Manta felt right along that the Greek-American effort would be most effective if the Greek-American

populations were united in view of the common cause. The wisdom of this notion was proved soon by the Panhellenic Federation of America.

The Panhellenic Federation of America was organized in 1942 by the Ahepa and various Greek-American organizations, but it was Mr. Manta who gave it meaning and direction. Right away it went to bat for national unity. Its war record is phenomenal. Among its many achievements we shall mention only one: **"The Voice of the Underground"**. This was an original radio program, which told of the resistance of the Greek people during the occupation. You probably have heard this program for it was broadcast all over the country. A whole series of episodes, twenty in number, were

professionally produced, and then broadcast every week over 260 and more radio stations throughout the country. The importance of the "Voice of the Underground" for the people of Greece, and the cause of Greece cannot be overestimated. First to benefit nationally was the Greek War Relief Association, as well as all relief agencies working toward the same end. To the American people at that time the ferocious and sustained resistance of the Greek underground was unknown. The Panhellenic Federation under the leadership of John L. Manta, made the cause of the Greek people a household word in America and donations began to pile in from all parts of the country, including money, food and clothing.

To be sure, Mr. Manta though for Panhellenic Unity, does not underestimate the work accomplished by the different Greek-American organizations, including those whose membership is spread all over the country. Take the Order of Ahepa for instance. Mr. Manta has only the highest respect for this Order, which has over 300 chapters, is well organized and has been a good influence to the Greek people in America. Mr. Manta has been closely associated with this order for years, has sponsored its program and approves of it. In fact Mr. Manta is considered one of the elder statesmen of Ahepa, and although so far he has consistently declined to accept office in the Supreme Lodge of the Order, his counsel is being sought over by the leaders who admit his ability for organization and his steadfastness of purpose.

In addition to the Order of Ahepa, Mr. Manta is interested in the church. He believes that the church can do a lot of good. He has been

a consistent supporter of the Greek churches in and around Chicago, particularly of the Church of St. Constantine and St. Helen, on Chicago's South Side, where he is also a member. As a matter of fact, the new building program of this church which is now in progress and which is slated to cost over two million dollars, is in a large measure due to his vision.

The church and all the societies of Greek-Americans, national and local, Mr. Manta considers valuable spiritual and social assets of the Greeks in America. They have all contributed to the war effort, and they all co-operated with the Greek War Relief Association. They all sold war bonds, and they all contributed to the services relief drives.

Concerning the Greek War Relief Association, Mr. Manta was elected the first president of the Chicago chapter in 1941 and he did such an excellent job, he laid the foundations of a chapter which subsequently has been a model throughout the country.

Now an ever-increasing number of Greek leaders throughout the country, and many of his friends, recognizing his native ability, and in view of the work that is still to be done in Greece, urge Mr. Manta to head the Greek War Relief Association as its national president. The movement is a spontaneous one, and one does not know how Mr. Manta feels about it. His friends however are convinced that he is qualified for this high post, and they further feel that the present GWRA administration would be sympathetic to be succeeded by an able organizer like Mr. John L. Manta.



A Beautiful Greek Marble Bas-Relief

Philhellenes of Canada Honored

On September the 1st 1948 at 18,30 a. m. and at No. 1 Mackenzie King Street in Athens, Headquarters of the Greek Red Cross, a ceremony took place for the unveiling of the portraits of the benefactors of the Greek Nation, the Philhellenes of Canada, namely those of:

His Excellency the Prime Minister of Canada, Mr. Mackenzie King.

The ex-President of the Canadian Red Cross Mr. Dodds.

His Excellency Major General La Flèche, Canadian Ambassador in Greece.

His Excellency the President of the Fund's Committees, Mr. Birks, and of Messrs. Jannetatos, President and B. Salamis, Secretary General of the Greek War Relief of Canada.

At this ceremony were present: His Excellency the Minister of Welfare Mr. Dessilas, the Canadian Ambassador Major General La Flèche and Madame La Flèche, the honorary President of the Greek Red Cross Mr. John Athanassakis, Mrs. Orphanides, wife of His Excellency the Minister of Hygiene, the General Director of the Ministry of Hygiene Mr. F. Kopanaris, the Board of Directors of the Greek Red Cross, members of the Board, the President of the Greek-Canadian league Mr. D. Skouzes, officers of the Greek Red Cross and more than one hundred members of the Greek Red Cross and of Athens Society.

The Honorary President of the Greek Red Cross, Mr. Athanassakis, spoke briefly, appraising the work of the Canadian Government and of the Canadian Philhellenes, the wonderful consequence of which was apparent in the subsistence of the Greek population during the occupation and expressed the gratitude of the Green Nation.

Subsequently the President of the Greek Red Cross Mr. Constantine Georgacopoulos made the following speech:

Excellencies, Your Excellency, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I invite the Greek present to go with me, in thought, 'on a journey to a far away land. On the North end of the American mainland lies "a mare usque ad mare" the great and rich country, Canada.

On the seaboard of the oceans that surround this country on either side, on the shores of the numerous and picturesque lakes and on the banks of the great and affluent rivers, in the boundless woods and in the fertile and immense prairies, dwell a people, courteous, valiant, chivalrous, deeply believing in the Ideal and Spirit of Liberty and worshipping a beneficent goddess, Work.

These people fought for centuries against a rigorous climate and against the dangers of a nature full of majesty but unconquerable, which they managed to conquer. They fought obstinately

against native tribes crafty and belicose who defended madly their vast hunting grounds. They fought political attempts which endangered their independence.

Through these contests a New Nation was created progressing by leaps and bounds now ready to vindicate one of the first places in the world, a new and powerful Nation, whose superior National spirit and power always serving high ideals, have commanded the respect of modern mankind.

The Canadian Nation though, owing to her geographical position, was not directly threatened by the two disastrous European wars of the last thirty years, not having to face immediately the danger of subjecting to the violence and Imperialism of the attacking forces. Remaining neutral she could have hoarded taking advantage of the belligerents' needs. Instead, ignoring these material advantages and true to the High Ideals to which they actually believe in, they hastened to put at the service of Liberty and Civilization the blood and toil of their children and the riches of their Country. About these unselfish battles of Canada, where the heroism of their sons as fighting men and outstanding airmen was admired, the chiefs of Violence and Destruction should be questioned, as Xerxes said when attacking the Hellenes "Against what kind of men were we sent to fight with, who only think of laurels"

But Canada is not distinguished only for her laurels in battle. Her farmers produce more than half of the world's wheat. The management and exploitation of the unexhaustible riches of her woodlands is admirable. Her manufacture is progressing at an exceptional rate and under her rich soil, the quest for her treasures in ore, are actively pursued.

Side by side with these practical occupations, the Canadians patronize Letters and Art and cultivate science with great success, so that we may justly say that Canada is the country where as the ancient Greek said "Together with the fighting youth the Muses have their standing".

This is the Land that I asked you to visit with me in thought, so that we may come back to our own Country and turn our thoughts to a recent period of our National life: About the end of 1941 and the beginning of 1942 our Country was writhing under the unbearable oppression of a barbarous occupation and its people were facing the gloomy danger of complete extermination owing to famine. Our allies, after many steps and entreaties in which the Greek Red Cross took part through their present Honorary President Mr. John Athanassakis, after many negotiations with the invaders during which many thousands of Greek succumbed to famine, allowed food supplies to Greece, the transport and management of which the International Red Cross and the neutral countries Sweden and Switzerland readily undertook. The question

(Continued on Page 35)

Arcadians Hold Biggest National Meet at South Bend

Peponis Honored for Outstanding Service

During the last four days in July, South Bend, Indiana became host to a memorable convention. The sons and daughters of Arcadia, the poetic land in the center of the Peloponnesus, with their one hundred and fifty odd virile chapters, staged their 18th Annual Conclave, amid scenes of genuine patriotic fervor generated by worthy accomplishments in the field of social endeavor and philanthropic service.

In fact the halls of Oliver Hotel, the convention headquarters, were turned during those four days into a veritable beehive of Arcadian activity, that brought together old friends and acquaintances from all parts of the country, and all these good people, enthusiastic Arcadians and their friends came to South Bend determined to make this the greatest national meet of the Pan-Arcadian Federation of America, which in fact it was.

Looming large on the Pan-Arcadian horizon of achievements accomplished, is the great 256-bed Tripolis Hospital, but not less important was the fact that the Federation itself has been going forward with an impetus which during the last twelve months could be called phenomenal. Especially among the youthful Arcadian-descended element the idea of the Federation is gaining ground and fast too.

All this was explained in detail in the voluminous report to the convention, of the Supreme President of the Federation, Mr. Arthur H. Peponis, a report noted for its thoroughness in recognizing the problems of the Federation and the problems of the Greek-American element in general. Also for the recommendations it makes vis-a-vis these problems.



PAN-ARCADIAN FIRST FAMILY

Supreme President ARTHUR H. PEPONIS surrounded by members of his family at South Bend. In the picture are: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Peponis and their two sons, Harold (right) and Demetrios, the youngest (left).

Reading of the Supreme President's report made a deep impression with the delegates. For they soon realized that this was not a mere routine report, but a document of achievements and guidance, and that the Peponis administration had done more for the organization in one year than others probably could have done in many years. Figures do indeed speak most eloquently, and the figures and facts are certainly there in volume and detail, enough anyway to have justified the enthusiasm of the rank and file of the Pan-Arcadian Federation for Mr. Peponis and his colleagues.

Furthermore these achievements are the result of perfect teamwork. Not only the officers

of the Supreme Lodge and of the individual chapters, but all the members seem to have co-operated fully with Mr. Peponis to make this past twelve months a memorable year in the history of the Pan-Arcadian Federation. When he criss-crossed America to crusade for the Federation ideals, such as the Hospital drive and the creation of new chapters, Mr. Peponis found co-operation everywhere. He visited over 100 chapters all over the country and the co-operation of the officers and members of the chapters was wonderful. As a matter of fact, in practically every case, the meetings of the individual chapters were held in the halls of the local Greek Orthodox Church, and not only Arcadians but often the officers of the community and many non-Arcadians would attend these meetings to learn of the mission of the Federation and to help its cause.

We wish every Arcadian would read the report of the Supreme President. Then and only then one would realize the amount of work that was done in a year.



Dignitaries at the Convention: (L to R) Supreme President Peponis; Rev. A. Arcadios of South Bend; William Helis, Supreme President of Ahepa and Peter E. Athas, Supreme vice-president of the Pan-Arcadian Federation.

Of course Mr. Peponis is not a new man. His capacity for leadership has been tested before when he served in responsible administrative positions with the Ahepa and the Chicago United Greek Churches. All those around him admit that he is an indefatigable worker and a genius for co-operation. Naturally in the case of the present Supreme Lodge he has some of the best Arcadians in America on the board to work with, men who are also able workers in their own right and have the best interests of the Federation at heart.

Factually Mr. Peponis' report to the Convention seems to cover every activity of the Pan-Arcadian Federation, not only for the recent past but even before that.

He first discusses the founding of the Federation some 18 years ago, and delineates its progress and development during the ensuing years, with especial emphasis on its relations to the family, the church, our country America and the country of our national origin, Greece.

Then he gives a miniature biography of each of the members of the Supreme Lodge and of the governors of the eight districts. He enumerates chronologically the trips that took him literally all over the country, the chapters visited and the work done on each trip. Needless to say all the expenses for these trips were underwritten by Mr. Peponis himself.

The second part of the report deals with the Tripolis Hospital, its history and development; the moneys collected each year and especially the work that was done last year. The report is very spe-

SCENES FROM THE CONVENTION BANQUET: (Left) Mr. Peponis in action; (Right) Gov. Henry Schrieker of Indiana addresses the banquet. Seen on the speakers table next to the Governor is the Bishop Germanos of Nyssa who also spoke, and some other dignitaries.





THE 1949-1950 SUPREME LODGE OF THE PAN-ARCADIAN FEDERATION OF AMERICA AND SOME OF THE GOVERNORS. — Sitting (L to R) Christos Mirageas, Supreme Treasurer; Speros Katsandonis, Supreme Secretary; Miss Mary Andrewtopoulos, Chairman Ladies' Auxiliaries; Arthur H. Peponis, Supreme President; Peter Athas, Supreme Vice-President; Leo Lamberson, Legal Adviser — Standing (L to R) Governors: Theodore Antonopoulos, Constantine Gargas, Aristotle Collias, John Callas, Despina Barbas, Athena Mitchell, James Manus, Peter Stasinopoulos, Joseph Dracon and Ernest Mantes.
(All Convention Photos by Furla Studios, Chicago)

cific and illuminating on this point and we would like to urge every member of the organization and every Peloponnesian for that matter to read it, for the project itself is without doubt the most important ever undertaken in Greece by a Greek-American organization.

Because of this report and of the report of the Supreme Secretary, Mr. Katsantonis and of the other reports submitted by the various committees the Convention demanded that Mr. Peponis and his co-workers be re-elected for this year also, which was done by unanimous vote.

And they did well. The Pan-Arcadian Federation of America is now a power among the Greek-American populations in the country, and in view of the projects it has undertaken here and in Greece, it needs the best brains among the Arcadians of America. The convention confirmed this when they re-elected Mr. Peponis and his Supreme Lodge co-workers, and also when it voted to establish a Steering-Policy-Hospital Committee, composed of prominent American Arcadians and non-Arcadian Greek Americans, whose job it is to supervise the completion of the hospital and to undertake its maintenance thereafter.

The Pan-Arcadian Federation of America is in good hands again this year. Its long range program requires the services of able men for a long time to come perhaps. The Supreme Lodge and the Members of the Steering-Policy-Hospital Committee as well as the governors and the officers of the individual chapters are conscious of the obligations and duties imposed by the Federation program and judging from the recent past, the future looms bright for the Pan-Arcadian Federation of America and its gift to Greece, the Triopolis Hospital.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S LETTER TO MR. PEPONIS FELICITATING THE CONVENTION

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

July 26, 1949

Dear Mr. Peponis:

I am glad to have this opportunity to extend to members of the Pan-Arcadian Federation of America, congratulations on the benevolent activities of your organization and sincere best wishes for your continued success.

With fortitude and steadfastness the valiant people of Greece have withstood the hardships of the past eight years. I look forward to an early end to the hostilities in Greece so that its people may devote their energies to the orderly and peaceful reconstruction of the country and may again have the opportunity to make the kind of contributions to a peaceful world for which the Greek people have been famous for many centuries.

Very sincerely yours,

Harry Truman

Mr. Arthur H. Peponis,
Supreme President,
Pan-Arcadian Federation of America,
1523 North Clark Street,
Chicago 10, Illinois.



Athene representative Constantine Antonos congratulating Peter E. Athas, Supreme Vice-President as Mr. Peponis looks on.

OFFICERS ELECTED

The following officers have been elected by the Convention to serve for the year 1949-1950.

SUPREME LODGE: Arthur H. Peponis, Chicago, Ill., Supreme President; Peter E. Athas, Salt Lake City, Utah, Supreme Vice-President; Speros Katsandonis, Chicago, Ill., Supreme Secretary; Christos Mirageas, Malden, Mass., Supreme Treasurer; Leo J. Lamberson, South Bend, Ind., Legal Adviser.

GOVERNORS: (1st Dist.) Theodore Antonopoulos, Bronx, N. Y.; (2nd Dist.) Constantine P. Gargas, Detroit, Mich.; (3rd Dist.) Aristotle Collias, Chicago, Ill.; (4th Dist.) John Callas, Akron, Ohio; (5th Dist.) Demetrios Manos, San Francisco, Calif.; (6th Dist.) P. Stasinopoulos, Salem, Mass.; (7th Dist.) Joseph Dracon, East Chicago, Ind.; (8th Dist.) Ernest G. Mantas, Toole, Utah.

PERMANENT STEERING-POLICY-HOSPITAL COMMITTEE: Constantine Preketes, St. Rekas and Tom Valos. Fifteen other members will be added later on, from a list of prominent Arcadians or non-Arcadians in America.

LADIES' AUXILIARY: Miss Maria Andrewtsopoulos of New York, N. Y., National Chairman.

GOVERNORS LADIES' AUXILIARIES: (1st Dist.) Mrs. Athena Mitchell, Washington, D. C.; (2nd Dist.) Mrs. Despoina Barbas, Detroit, Mich.; (3rd Dist.) Mrs. Carolyn Pappas, Chicago,

Ill. (4th Dist.) Mrs. Amalia Vrettos, Cleveland, Ohio; (5th Dist.) Mrs. P. Serfas, Los Angeles, Calif.; (6th Dist.) Mrs. Ourania Consta, Roxbury, Mass.; (7th Dist.) Miss Anastasia Tsecos, Gary, Ind.; (8th Dist.) Mrs. Dina Grivas, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Orhomenos Chapter No. 31 of South Bend, Ind., was the host chapter of the Pan-Arcadian Convention. Cosmas Makris is the president of this chapter; George Coulolias, Vice-President; Nick Chiclos, Secretary and George Berbas, Treasurer. The Executive Committee of the Convention included: Leo J. Lamberson, General Chairman; Nicholas P. Cholis, Vice Chairman; George Rorres, Treasurer; N. A. Kandis, Wm. Lewis, Peter Makris and John Makris.

CONVENTION EVENTS

Highlights of the Convention program were: The Arkadiko Glendi, which took place at the Playland Park on Friday evening July 29th. This was a very successful affair with plenty of entertainment for all. Arcadians and their friends enjoyed fully this "glendi".

There were a number of receptions by the Ladies' Committees, and then the Grand Convention Banquet in honor of the Supreme Lodge and the delegates took place at the Indiana Club on Saturday night July 30th. This was the gala event of the Convention and was attended by at least 700 Arcadians and friends.

Nicholas P. Cholis was the chairman of the banquet and Leo J. Lamberson, the toastmaster. Speakers included, Bishop Germanos of Nyssa, Locum Tenens, Archbishop of North and South America, the Hon. Henry Schrieker, Governor of Indiana, Mr. William Helis, Supreme President of the Order of Ahepa, Mr. Arthur H. Peponis, Supreme President of the Pan-Arcadian Federation, and others.

Twenty-seven thousand dollars were donated for the Hospital drive at the banquet.

The Grand Ball at the Palais Royale Ballroom on Sunday evening July 31st was the final of the main social events of the convention.

Washington, D. C., was picked by the delegates as the next convention city.



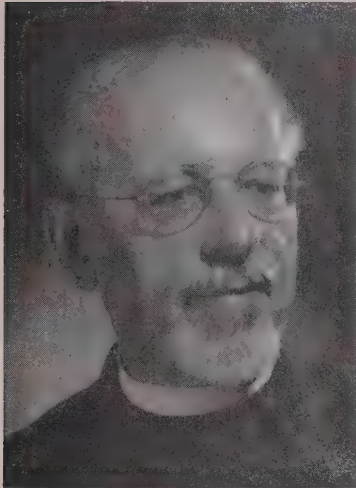
A Group of Prominent Arcadians at the Convention

BOOKS

By C. J. LAMPOS

THE GREEKS OF AMERICA

by Rev. B. Euthemiu
Rector of the Greek Cathedral, New York



REV. V. EFTHIMIOU
Dean of the Greek Cathedral in N. Y.

The history of the Greeks of America is a pretty lively subject these days. To the many books and treatises in recent years, Rev. Euthemiu's book is a valuable addition.

Rev. Euthemiu is temperamentally fitted to write such a book, and it is a good thing that he did write this book. The author of several interesting books Rev. Euthemiu approaches his subject carefully, systematically, in a language that is

both lucid and easy to read.

As for general information, Rev. Euthemiu is well qualified to give that too. His description of the pre-revolutionary emigrants of Hellenic descent is pretty accurate. His sources are well chosen and the information is broad enough if not broader than what has been written before. His chapter on "Organized Hellenism" is quite exhaustive. We were impressed with the facts and the conclusions drawn from them. The last part of the book too is historical. Some day in the future all this information about the leaders of present day Hellenism will be very valuable stuff indeed.

This well written volume costs only \$3.50, and may be had by writing to Rev. Euthemiu, 319 E. 74th St., New York, N. Y.

A final dramatic chapter of this book is the election of the Archbishop of America as the Oecumenical Patriarch and the procession to Constantinople for the enthronement. The Rev. Euthemiu accompanied the new Patriarch on this trip and the result is a beautiful description of the historic procession.

THE COMPASS POINTS GREEKWARD

There are magazines and magazines today, but unfortunately those the Muses love best are the ones which die soonest. Not that this is a more commercial age than any other. After all, Socrates was really condemned to death by the Athenians in 399 B.C. because he heaped scorn on them for loving money and conventional pleasures more than wisdom. Anyway, a magazine which should have a long life but probably won't is THE TIGER'S EYE (published in October,

December, March, and May by The Tiger's Eye Publishing Co., RFD 4, Westport, Conn., at \$1 a copy).

This magazine is based on the theory that "fame is the by-product of merit," and it presents "New York and New Views of those who have garnered this By-Product and Meritorious Work of young writers and artists who are new to the Discerning Public." It "sees no harm in arts and letters being pleasurable therefore it is no teacher, no merchant, no supreme judge." It is printed in a very beautiful format and typography, with an assorted range of colors in paper, print, and illustrations. And we have just spent a couple of very pleasant hours running through its prose and verse, some of which is either of high merit or highly intriguing.

The March, 1948, Number 3 issue has been called to our attention because of the large number of Greek items in it. There are selections from Sappho and Kostas P. Kavafis (the latter translated by Theodore Gianakoulis, regular ATHENE contributor), art work by Theodoros Stamos and Georges Chirico (an Italian who was born in Greece), an amusing retelling of the Dionysius legend by Gianakoulis, and a number of classic adaptations and quotations.

Most of the writing and art in this magazine is ultra-modern, and the profusion of Greek allusions, themes, and ideas stunned us at first. That is, until we read this remark by Mark Tobey: "There have been 32 isms since the advent of cubism, yet after all there are essentially the same two old streams, the Romantic and the Classical." Well, well, it seems that art is merely a vicious circle and that no matter how radical in vision or technique new artists may be, they gravitate ever in one way or another to the Greeks.

THE CONTINUITY OF GREEK INFLUENCE

Historians tell of the periodic Greek renaissances, but it is more probable that the influence of Greek things has been more continuous throughout the centuries than is generally accepted. Incidental proof of this is provided by LITERARY SOURCES OF ART HISTORY: An Anthology of Texts from Theophilus to Goethe, Selected and Edited by Elizabeth Gilmore Holt (Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey, 555 pp., \$6.00).

This is not a book dealing exclusively with Greek art, but it presents a number of writings, some made available in English for the first time to the general art lover, that are highly revealing in their allusions to Greek things. There is an excerpt from Leo of Ostia telling how artists were brought from Constantinople about 1066 and thereafter to decorate Monte Cassino and teach the local artists to work in silver, bronze, iron, mosaic, ivory, wood, alabaster, and stone. This started a new wave of Byzantine influence in Italy. There are selections from Theophilus, a Byzantine monk who traveled in Europe and wrote the most important art book of the early medieval period. He probably lived in the mid 10th century.

Many of the Renaissance texts touch on the dependence of those masters on the Greeks in architecture, sculpture, theory, and subjects. For instance, the architecture treatise of Sebastiano Serlio, portions of which were published between 1537 and 1575, exerted a great influence in stimulating the new classical style of architecture in France. The great Durer mentions the loss of the art writings of Phidias, Praxiteles, Apelles, and other Greeks—"a loss much to the regretted by every wise man." In a curious passage Paul de Fréart, Sieur de Chantelou (1609-1694), well-known French art connoisseur, tells of Cavalier Bernini's recommendation that Levantine slaves be imported as models to France, since the French models available were not very good, because "he said that the Greeks had the best-formed bodies and that they could be

bought." And a Poussin quote refers to "our wise ancient Greeks, inventors of all beautiful things."

Surely the most interesting of all are the pages on El Greco, in view of the fact that so little was written on this matter during his life and the years thereafter. The excerpts from Antonio Palomino (1655-1726) are as informative as they are outrageous. This Spanish painter and critic, who was born some 40 years after El Greco's death, has the highest praise for the master's early works, for he adds: "But El Greco, seeing that his paintings were confused with those of Titian, endeavored to change his style, with such extravagance that he finally made his paintings contemptible and ludicrous, because his design became disjointed and his coloring harsh." (A typical pre-20th century interpretation of El Greco's increasing preoccupation with Byzantine and personal mysticism, indeed!) Palomino does give valuable details on El Greco's pupils, lawsuits, and the clay models and miniatures of his paintings. He also tells of Velasquez's following of El Greco in portraits, "believing that El Greco's heads could never be praised sufficiently. This is true," Palomino adds, "of all of Greco's works except those painted by the extravagance into which El Greco lapsed in his last years, and we may say of El Greco: 'What he did well, no one did better, and what he did poorly, no one did worse.'"

There are also discussions of Greek things by Shaftesbury, Hogarth, Reynolds, Winckelmann, Lessing, and Goethe—especially Winckelmann, who declares: "To take the ancients for models is our only way to become great, yes, unsurpassable if we can." In fact, to one looking for them the allusions to Greek things stand out like nuggets in this book.

SOPHOCLES WAS NO SOFTIE

Critics have long regarded Aeschylus as "a prophet", Euripides as "a thinker", and Sophocles just "a poet of the Ivory Tower". However, in his brilliant, thought-saturated essay *THE WISDOM OF SOPHOCLES* (George Allen & Unwin Ltd. MacMillan Co., New York, 76 pp., \$1.50). J. T. Sheppard shows us that Sophocles was a man who "tried to face the facts" and whose piety and serenity were drawn from a deep fount of inspiration.

Pupil of Aeschylus, which explains much that modern critics find hard to understand, for half a century Sophocles wrote play after play for Athens, and he was very popular and esteemed throughout his career despite the vicissitudes of his city. He was also a successful businessman, a loyal, honest man, and a true-hearted gentleman. "Conservative in temper, he was no extremist, and he preached no startling doctrine," says Mr. Sheppard. "His tragedies brought comfort and good courage, not despair."

Mr. Sheppard analyzes the extant plays, showing how they reveal a spiritual pilgrimage. Early in his career Sophocles was "the happy artist", but even then his vision was derived from the instinct of a heart made wise by human sympathy and reverence. The ancient ideal of Athena, "Sophrosyne" (a sane, safe modesty of heart and mind), is the lesson of *AJAX*. "Love with Wisdom" is the lesson of *HERACLES*, and Mr. Sheppard explains: "That discovery, the hardest, the most beautiful, was made, I think, by Sophocles himself, perhaps with tears."

The critic sketches in the Athenian background to show how Sophocles was interpreting his vision of the nobler Athens he had known and served and deeply loved. The poet continued to live and write for a quarter of a century after the start of the Peloponnesian War, but in *ANTIGONE*, produced a decade earlier (about 441 B. C.), is

evident his fear lest Athens, if she seeks to gain the whole world, lose her soul. The war brought calamity after calamity to the city, but each of Sophocles' plays was the fruit of fresh experience acutely felt and bravely challenged. He felt the failure of Athens and the vanity of human planning, but his spirit remained unquenched. He kept the faith and new hope sprang from candour, from the love of beauty and the love of courage and of simple human kindness.

This acquittal from the charges of "insensitiveness" and "moral obtuseness" of one of the greatest of world poets provides the most exciting and gratifying piece of literary criticism we have read in a long time.

FROM HOMER TO GALEN

Recently when a prominent American war leader committed suicide as a result of overwork, he left a Greek anthology open at lines explaining the despair and loss of hope that prompted his action. That was an unfortunate tragedy, of course, but once more it emphasized dramatically the universality of Greek poetry. Though not writing of that incident, in *THE PORTABLE GREEK READER* (The Viking Press. New York. 1948. 726 pp. \$2.00) W. H. Auden points out: "There could be no stronger proof of the riches and depth of Greek culture than its powers of appeal to every kind of personality."

It is good to have an anthology such as this one. For, besides being handy in size and low-priced, it is not, like most anthologies, merely a hodge-podge of broken bits pliered out of context. The editor attempts to give an introduction to Greek culture rather than Greek literature, and he includes medicine and mathematics as well as poetry, history, and philosophy. Thus he chooses pieces not for their individual literary excellency but for their representative character in giving a rounded picture of Greek civilization. The anthology is made up of these sections: Cosmogonies and Cosmologies, The Hero, Nature, Man, and Society.

"Had Greek civilization never existed," Mr. Auden (a first-rank American poet, by the way) sums up in his 38-page introduction, "we might fear God and deal justly with our neighbors, we might practice arts and even have learned how to devise fairly simple machines, but we would never have become fully conscious, which is to say that we would never have become, for better or worse, fully human."

To beginners this is a fine look-see of Greek culture from Homer to Galen; to those long familiar with this great subject it is as fine a refresher course.

THE GREEK ALSO WENT WEST

When most of us think of the ancient Greeks, we think spontaneously of Athens and Sparta, and only at second thought do we call to mind the other Greek communities. This is most unfair, particularly in regards to the numerous Greek cities beyond Greece proper. Herodotus, himself an Easterner, wrote of the Ionian Greeks, but the really first complete story of the colonies to the west is *THE WESTERN GREEKS* by T. J. Dunbabin (Oxford University Press. New York. 1948. 504 pp. \$11.00).

"Sicily and south Italy together form the chief colonial region of the Greek world," the author declares. He traces the foundation of these colonies, the dates being based largely on the excavation of Greek vases. Greek traders arrived in Italy and Sicily early in the 8th century; the first Greek colony in Italy, Kyme, was founded about 750 B.C. or a little earlier,

(Continued on Page 36)

Greek Ceramic Art



GREEK FUNERAL VASE
(Athens Museum)



BOY RIDING A COCK

This vase has been painted by Eppictetos, one of the greatest masters of his time. He combined grace and elegance with strength. His figures are masterpieces of design. The Vase is now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. (Illustrations and comments from Gisela M. A. Richter's monumental work RED FIGURE ATTIC VASES).



From a Lekythos also in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, painted by the so-called Bowdoin Painter. A woman is sitting on a chair, making skeins of wool. An Eros is flying toward her with a fillet. A tame quail is walking on the floor. On the wall hangs an Alabastron. (From RED FIGURE ATTIC VASES by Richter).

(Plates Courtesy Yale University Press)

A Century of American Philhellenism

(Continued from Last Issue)

In his later years Dr. Howe never ceased thinking of Greece. When in 1866 the people of Crete revolted against the Turks, he again responded to the call of duty. He called a mass meeting in Boston Music Hall with OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, WENDELL PHILIPS, and HOWARD EVERETT HALE as speakers. He himself outlined the earlier Greek revolution in which he played such a prominent part and pleaded for help for the valliant Cretans. The response was immediate and generous. As a result, Dr. Howe and his family embarked for Greece with a boatload of food and clothing. Although the Turks set a price on his head, he was not deterred. He distributed the provisions and in a few months returned to America. He published a book entitled, **The Cretan Refugees and Their American Helpers**, while his wife, JULIA WARD HOWE organized a huge fair in the spring of 1868 which netted over Thirty Thousand Dollars. He also published a small newspaper called **The Cretan** for six months which was devoted to the Cretan cause. His help and the help of all freedom-loving Americans was of no avail at that time. Crete did not become a part of Greece until 1898. However, on a new trip to Greece with supplies, Dr. Howe took as his secretary a young Greek gentleman, MICHAEL ANAGNOS (known as Anagnostopoulos in Greek) and brought him to America. Anagnos married Dr. Howe's daughter and succeeded Dr. Howe as head of the PERKINS INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND and did an exceptionally brilliant work in that field in his own right.

Dr. Howe's death is described by his daughter: ²⁰

On the morning of January 4, 1878, he started as usual for the Institution; walked a few steps and fell stricken down in harness as he would have wished. For a few days he lay quietly at rest, without speech, apparently without suffering; then silently his spirit passed.

HENRY V. POST. — He was one of the agents sent to Greece by the Greek Committee of Boston to supervise the distribution of a cargo of food and clothing. He sailed from New York on September 11, 1827 and arrived at Napoli, where he left part of the supplies and proceeded to Poros. He left some supplies there and went to the Isthmus of Corinth where many refugees from all parts of Greece had congregated and were in a state of shocking distress. Mr. Post remarks in his report that "even the brutal Turk would have his heart bleed on beholding the awful desolation. Old men, sinking under the infirmities of age, mothers with helpless infants screaming on their breast, — virgins in the prime of their days, — children without number . . . clad alike in rags and covered with filth and vermin . . ." ²¹

Post is described as carrying with him always "two pair of pistols in his pockets" and wearing a Greek **capota**. He visited all Morea, some of the islands, Smyrna and Constantinople, and vividly describes in his book all the places he visited. He

returned to the United States in the summer of 1828.

JOHN D. RUSS, M. D. — He was a native of Massachusetts and was educated in Yale College. His father left him a handsome fortune by means of which he was able to travel in Europe. He sailed from Boston on the brig **Stamman** with a cargo destined from Greece. ²²

Aside from his supervision of the distribution of supplies, he assisted Dr. Howe in establishing and managing a hospital for the care of the sick and wounded. Dr. Howe and Col. Miller praise Dr. Russ' work and cooperation very highly.

JOHN R. STUYVESANT. — He was an agent of the Greek Committee of New York. He arrived in Greece on July 9, 1827 with a cargo on the brig **Six Brothers**. He was met in Greece by Col. Miller who assisted in the distribution of the provisions. A letter to Col. Miller by LYNDE CATLIN, chairman of the New York Greek Committee dated May 12, 1827 reads in part:

Mr. Stuyvesant very promptly acceded to our request to accompany the shipment, and to be associated with you as consignee and distributor.

Mr. Stuyvesant is a descendant of Governor Stuyvesant (one of the original settlers of this place). His family and connections are most respectable and estimable. His stay with you will be no longer than is necessary for your aid in landing and putting the cargo to train for distribution, and rendering you such assistance as you need . . . "

Other worthy Americans left their country and their pursuits to serve in the Greek cause. ERSWICK EVANS of New Hampshire left his wife and four children to go to Greece. WILLIAM G. WASHINGTON of Washington, D. C. served under the Greek leader Phoutomaris and died heroically in the battle of Palamidi. GEORGE WILSON and JAMES WILLIAMS served in the Greek war, also. Col. Miller mentions James Williams in his journal as the "black man from Baltimore". And there were, no doubt, many other Americans who served in the Greek cause about whom we know little because of their lower ranks, but whose services and sacrifice contributed to the liberation of Greece.

4. American Philhellenes during the Balkan Wars:

After almost a hundred years from her liberation, Greece found herself at war first with Turkey and then with Bulgaria during the years of 1912 and 1913. These were more or less wars whose sole object was the liberation of other unredeemed parts of Greece or of localities whose population was predominantly Greek.

COL. THOMAS S. HUTCHINSON, from Tennessee, earned the title of philhellene by offering his valuable services to Greece during the Balkan wars. He was a veteran of the Spanish-American War, and, having served his native state in various capacities, he reached the rank of Brig. General when he retired from the army. While in New York he became interested in the struggle of

Greece against Turkey in 1912 and volunteered his services. Upon his arrival in Greece on November 27, 1912, he joined the Legion of Garibaldi and was commissioned a Major of Artillery. He was at once sent to Epirus with the 15th Regiment of the Greek Infantry where he participated in various battles and assaults on the Fortress **Bezanie**. He was wounded in one of these engagements and was compelled to leave the army and return to Philadelphia to nurse his wound.

On his recuperation, Col. Hutchinson was feted by many Greek societies in America. He subsequently wrote an interesting book entitled, **An American Soldier Under the Greek Flag at Bezanie**, in which he relates his Greek service experiences. He was the only foreign officer who was permitted to fight with the Greek army and his military talents and bravery have been duly acknowledged by the Greek authorities.

5. American Relief Activities in Greece after World War I.

The most important American relief agency in the Near East following the first World War has been the NEAR EAST RELIEF. It was established in 1915 at the request of HENRY MORGENTHAU, Ambassador of the United States in Turkey, for the purpose of affording relief to the Armenian population. JAMES L. BARTON, foreign secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions of Boston, CLEVELAND H. DODGE, and others arranged a meeting in New York and set their goal at \$100,000. None of the participants could imagine then the enormity of the institution that was taking shape.

The original organization was known as the ARMENIAN RELIEF COMMITTEE, later it became the ARMENIAN AND SYRIAN RELIEF COMMITTEE, the AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR RELIEF IN THE NEAR EAST, and finally it was incorporated as the NEAR EAST RELIEF. JAMES L. BARTON admirably describes the work of this institution in his book, the **Story of the Near East Relief**. It raised \$116,000,000 for relief purposes and assisted practically all distressed or persecuted peoples of the Near East, such as Armenia, Greece, Syria, Persia, Caucasus, Turkey, Georgia, Albania, Bulgaria, Arabia, and others. Relief to Greece began after the reverses of the Greek army in Asia Minor. A quotation from MORGENTHAU's book, **I Was Sent to Greece**,²⁴ is very appropriate at this point:

In 1919 the Treaty of Versailles was signed leaving the question of Turkey to be settled by a separate treaty. Greek troops were landed at Smyrna at the request of the Supreme Allied Council to patrol western Asia Minor while the allies were deciding what should be the ultimate fate of Turkey.

In 1920, by the Treaty of Sevres, the Allies announced their decision regarding Turkish territory. By this treaty Smyrna and the Ionian hinterland were placed under Greek administration for nine years. Thereupon, the Turkish Nationalists revolted as a protest against the treaty. They set up a government at Angora under Mustapha Kemal and organized an army to defend Asia Minor.

In 1921, the Allied powers agreed to reconsider the Treaty of Sevres and held a conference at London for this purpose. The Greek representatives rejected the alternative treaty proposed by the conference and the Greek army started a military offensive against the Turkish Nationalist positions in Asia Minor. Constantine proceeded to Smyrna to direct this

offensive in person, and the Greek army penetrated Asia Minor to a point within sixty miles of Angora, where it was disastrously defeated by the Turks.

In 1922, the Turks entered Smyrna. They massacred a large proportion of the Greek population, burned the Greek quarters, and deported hundreds of thousands of Greek civilians in the most barbarous manner.

The so-called Smyrna disaster aroused the interest of the civilized world and the formation of relief agencies became necessary to save a million and a half of Greek refugees from starvation, disease and exposure. As it was expected, all the relief agencies of the United States were mobilized, including the RED CROSS, the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., and the NEAR EAST RELIEF.

The relief activities of these agencies began at once. Smyrna was set on fire which lasted for three days. Panic was turned into terror and the unfortunate Greek population pursued by the Turks took refuge in the seashore in the hope of escaping on ships. Many of them perished in the flight while a great number of them were saved by American destroyers rushed to the port of Smyrna by ADM. BRISTOL. The only alternative left to the Greek population of Asia Minor was escape to Greece. Thanks to the efforts of ASA K. JENNINGS, a member of the local relief committee from the Y.M.C.A., Greek ships accompanied by American destroyers were allowed to enter the Smyrna harbor and about 45,000 Greek refugees were transported daily by them to Greek soil. This general flight of the Greek population made relief a tremendous task throughout Greece.

Prior to 1922 the NEAR EAST RELIEF had discontinued adult relief and had confined its efforts to the relief of orphans, which seemed to it as more acute. The Smyrna disaster, however, compelled the institution to extend its activities to general relief work among the refugees. Consequently, ships were chartered to carry emergency supplies to Greece. In the meantime the RED CROSS appropriated \$3,000,000 and assisted in the great task of feeding, clothing and sheltering the myriads of displaced Greeks.

The settlement of a million and a half of Greek refugees in Greece strained the resources of that small country to the breaking point. Outside help became unavoidably necessary. The LEAGUE OF NATIONS sent a representative to study the problem who reported that the refugees could be helped only by helping the Greek government. Hence, in 1923, the REFUGEE SETTLEMENT COMMISSION was created and HENRY MORGENTHAU was made its chairman, which rendered services of inestimable value in connection with this tremendous problem. On the other hand, a program of activities was formulated by the various other relief committees for the subsequent seven years. Athens was made the administrative headquarters. The relief was duly apportioned among different agencies. Adult relief became the task of the Refugee Settlement Commission, while the care of the orphans was entrusted to the Near East Relief. While outside assistance was vitally needed, yet the tremendous responsibility of adjusting the great refugee population rested mainly with the Greek government.

(Continued on Page 43)



New York

By

JOHN BELASCO

★

HELENA NICOLAIDI, the celebrated contralto won a year's contract from Columbia Artist Management Inc. She will appear in many concerts throughout the country. Her last appearance was a charity at the Plaza Hotel, for the Queen's fund for poor children in Greece, organized by Nick Vagionis, president of the Greek Societies Federation. Single admission sold for as high as \$25.00. Greek-American socialites turned out en masse for this affair.

JUNE BRIDE: The wedding of Miss Evelyn Thomadis, lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stavros Thomadis of New York to Dean (Constantine) Monillos, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Monillos of New York,



MRS. CONSTANTINE MONILLOS

(David Workman Photo)

took place at the Greek Cathedral of our Eastern Metropolis. The Rev. V. Efthimiou, dean of the Cathedral officiated at the ceremony. The bride was given away by her father. James Pepides was the best man. Mrs. Plumetea Stratou Kokkis was matron of honor. Bride's maids were Miss Argyry Caviris, Miss Ann Strangoulis and Miss Helen Nafpliotis. A reception with dinner and

dance followed at the Edison Hotel, where some two hundred invites gayly spent a merry evening. Music was furnished by the well-known Michael Thomadakis. The newlyweds spent their honeymoon touring for several weeks in Florida, Havana and Bermuda Islands. The bride's parents are from Chios Island and she is the niece to Caviris Bros. of the famous Broadway Cafeteria. The groom's parents hail from Nysiros Dodecanessa.

Congratulations.

CHARLES PAPPAS, a dynamic personality in the flower field and a popular New Yorker, believes in originality. He sent flowers to the Queen of Greece via air mail, personally delivered by the leader of the Evzone group which participated in the Greek independence parade last March.

AT AN EXHIBITION at the Roman Gardens of the Metropolitan Museum entitled: "The Classical Contribution to Western Civilization" we noticed the following mottos on the walls: "Man is the measure of all things."—**Protagoras**. "Many wonders there are, but none more wondrous than man."—**Sophocles**. "I am neither an Athenian nor a Greek, but a citizen of the world."—**Socrates**. "For the Greeks have long been set apart from the Barbarians being cleverer and free from foolish simplicity."—**Herodotus**.



ANNA XYDIS

ANNA XYDIS the famous pianist is working hard for her next concert at Carnegie Hall this fall. Details will be printed in our next issue. She is definitely one of the few women pianist of our era.

CONSTANTINOS CALLINICOS, well known pianist, having just returned from a triumphal tour in the U. S. and Mexico, organized the Phillomusic Society of which he was elected president.

WILLIAM PAPPAS, whose family owns the boat house concession at Central Park told this reporter the City of New York brought thousands of fish in the park lakes and for the first time fishing is allowed by the youngsters so that they may be occupied this summer and stay away from the streets.

LIDA ALMA AND YIANNI FLEURY, a dancing team have wound up a memorable tour in this country and returned to Europe. Their last appearance this Summer was the occasion of the very high class Florists' ball at the Waldorf Astoria. Their dancing is magnificent and stirring.



LIDA ALMA and YIANNI FLEURY

TEDDY KOTSFTIS (Coates) an ABC broadcasting first bass player got a kick playing the Greek song "Erinaki" which was broadcast by Elena Nicolaidi. Song was arranged by Callinicos. Teddy plans an orchestra of his own sometime soon.

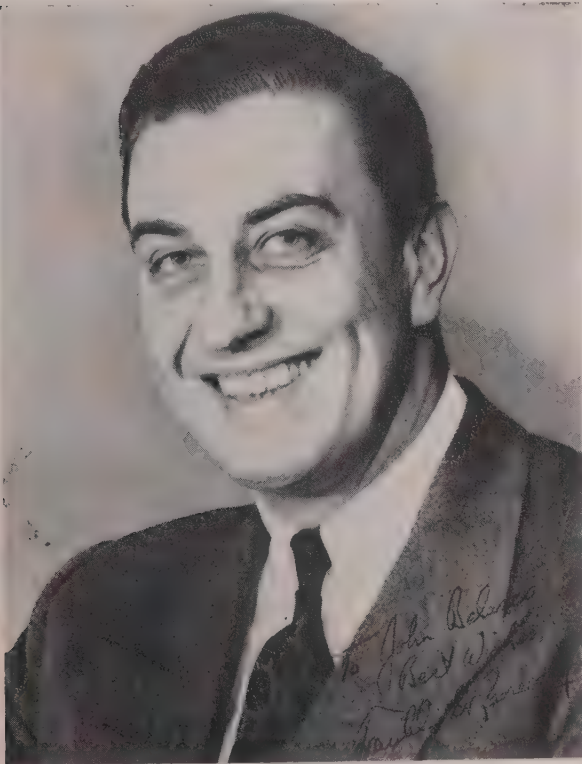
MISS APHRODITE MARAVELAS of Brooklyn, N. Y., was elected president of the Junior Auxiliary of the Cathedral's Philoptothos Society. Other officers include: Cal Scumas, vice-president; Demetra George, treasurer; Ann Sergin, corresponding secretary; and Miss Mary Pappas, recording secretary. This group organize two tea dances a year, both very high class.

GREEK MOVIES recently shown in New York show marked improvement. Here's hoping they'll keep getting better and better.

SOPHIE VEMBO'S false alarm that she was invited to sing for the fighting forces in Greece did not alarm this Greek-American.

VASSOS ARGIRIS, a competent artist is the new choir director of the Evangelismos Church, 325 W. 85th Street.

THE ADAM ADAMS of Orange, N. J., gave a party in honor of their son Peter and daughter Dorothea on the occasion of their graduating from College.



INDEPENDENT VOTERS on Manhattan's west side elected FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT Jr. to Congress. Young Mr. Roosevelt won over the combined opposition or hostility of Tammany Hall and the Republicans. He ran as the candidate of the Liberal and Four Freedoms party. He is a friend of the common man, and will make a good legislator. He received many Greek-American votes. (Editor's Note: Mr. Roosevelt dedicated the above photograph to Mr. Belasco).



SOTO ANDREA

SOTO ANDREA, a tenor, a newcomer from California, where he appeared in many programs, sang over the Prodomides Radio programs and had considerable fan mail. He could be reached at the Prodomidis Store, 616 8th Avenue, New York.

ATLANTIS' two ace reporters, Demetrios Karabatos and George Karamanos, are so busy covering social events they have no time to get married.

DEMETRIOS CALLIMACHOS, distinguished Editor and Author, is back at the Herald. He is also Editor of the GAPA Tribune.

ALEXANDROS LIDORIKIS, well known Athenian playwright has a play which will be produced on Broadway. Wish him success.

BARBARA CONSTANTOPOULOS

(Continued from Page 17)

is devoid of soft shadings; whose faces are white, pale-white; untouched by the delicate colorations of a warm sun, but nevertheless strong, and austere and inwardly powerful. Barbara's race of heroes are beknighted and chivalrous, oscillating in a kingly background that is battered by the frigid winters of the North Atlantic and encloses in its glance something of the purgatory of the land of the fallen angels of Milton. And yet, this is the race that often rises into paradisaical heights, where Orpheus makes his appearance amid the lions to weep for Eurydice, and where Pan seeks to fascinate the Nymphs. Now the grass feels the soft zephyrs and the pencil of the artist reveals the dance of the tender souls, an exhilarating sight! A whole paganism is revealed in an effort to win the new joy. Such is the world of Barbara Constantopoulos; a world that is contradictory, complicated perhaps, full of strange things and strange moods.

Her art is not to be seen without effort. There is much that lies hidden. There is design, but there are also spiritual values, which sooner or later strike us as being there.

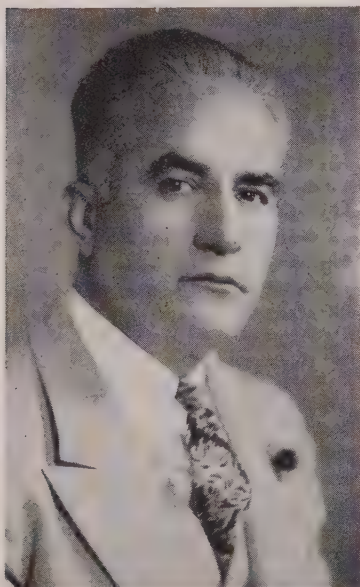
All in all this lady seems to be in love with the early Renaissance design. A worthy ambition perhaps. But her loyalty in the things that are seen, this simple realism of hers has its compensating aspects. The autodidact avoids the pitfalls of the academician and simple optical faults assume the grace of spontaneity. Thus Barbara Constantopoulos may be said to be an artist of sentiment who lives in her age, without knowing it and perhaps without even suspecting it.

FROM NICKEL(S)ODEON TO RICHES

By JOHN BELASCO

Here is a story that signifies the Horatio Alger spirit of this America. There have been many immigrants of Greek origin in the country, but the younger generation of all America can profit by studying the story of Adamantios A. Adamopoulos, formerly of Tegea Greece, but more recently Adam A. Adams of Orange, N. J., a prominent and respected New Jerseyite.

Mr. Adams as we say was born in Tegea Greece and arrived in Jersey City in the year 1901. A teen age youth he dreamed of earning a few hundred dollars before returning to his beloved Greece. This of course never happened because like so many other immigrants, the opportunities of this new world loomed too tempting, and anyway young Adams was not blind. He soon came to the conclusion, young as he was,



ADAM A. ADAMS

that one was not apt to amass a fortune on wages alone, so following an old Greek custom, he made several attempts to enter business. In 1908, having succeeded to get together his first one hundred dollars he quit his last job as a bar boy, and he invested all his wealth in a Nickelodeon Center in Patterson, N. J. The whole project barely missed being frustrated on the very opening day. The young

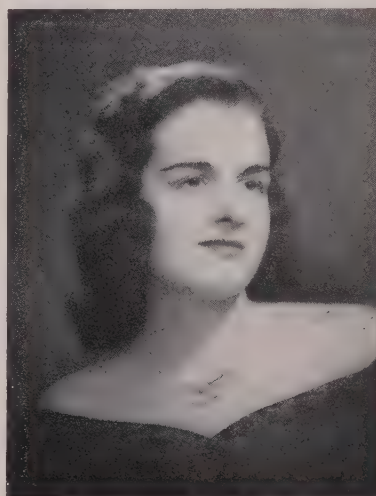
Adams was not looking for trouble but for patrons on that very first day of the opening of his show, but trouble seems to have been on the way. Along with the first patrons came the police asking questions. It appears that one had to have a license to open a theatre, even a Nickelodeon show, but how was young Adams to know about all that? To make matters worse the license fee cost \$85.00. A gigantic sum, in those days for any enterprising youth, but more so for the future showman of distinction who from a bar boy embarked upon his first theatrical venture.

Eighty five dollars said the law or the place would be closed. But the law in New Jersey as well as everywhere else is enforced by human beings. Young Adams dickered with the Marshall and the latter finally agreed to sit in the booth

and collect his fee from patrons who it seems preferred to see Adams stay in business. The amount of the fee having been realized from admissions, the owner went home with \$1.50 that was left, but glad that he saved his theatre.

Better luck followed and now his brother Peter who had arrived in America in 1903, teamed up with Adam and soon the two brothers expanded the business. By 1915 the Adams Bros. saved enough money to make the down payment towards building the present U. S. Theatre in Patterson, N. J. As the yyears rolled by the Adams Bros. came to own a chain of motion picture theatres in the state of New Jersey. By 1935 Peter Adams gave up the theatre business to go into the real estate business in Patterson. Adam too preferred a sort of a retirement so he kept only the Adams Theatre and the Paramount in Newark.

Mrs. Adam Adams is the former Maria Yianopoulos from Achouria Tegeas, Greece. The Adamases have four children. The three sons are all graduates of University of Pennsylvania. Thomas



DOROTHEA CAROL ADAMS

the eldest, married a Southern belle while in the service and they have a son named after the grandfather. Emmanuel, the second son, was married last year. Peter and Dorothea are twins. All three sons are in the theatre business in Newark. Miss Dorothea (Carol) Adams is a charming brunette and her piano playing is excellent. Last June she was

graduated from the Marjorie Webster Junior College in Washington and already she has a teaching job at Orange.

The Adams home at Oxford Park, Orange, N. J., is a pretentious building said to be one of the largest in the U. S. It covers five acres. I spent an Easter Sunday there, and was impressed with the charming surroundings.

Socially Mr. Adams has a reputation as a philanthropist. Is the founder and chief benefactor of the St. Nicholas Greek Community at Newark. He also founded the "Pantegakon Gymansion Ad. Adamopoulou" in Tegea Greece. During the war he spearheaded many drives and was awarded twenty government citations. His hobby is getting up very early in the morning going about his garden which now-a-days he shares with his only grandchild, so far, Adam Thomas Adams.



Then and Now:

In 1942 Theodore Spyropoulos Jr. (inset left) was serving his country as a U. S. Naval Aviation Cadet. Today, the same aviator hero is a full fledged business executive as seen below.



Theodore Spyropoulos Jr., shaking hands with his father, Theodore Spyropoulos, Sr. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Spyropoulos are the owners of the Maple Leaf Restaurant and Candy Store, 53 W. Van Buren St., one of the most beautiful in the middle west. Thirty-six years on the same corner The Maple Leaf Restaurant has a wonderful reputation for the excellent dishes it serves and the delicious candies it makes. Father and son now team up to build up an even greater Maple Leaf store. (Photo by Raymond Christopher Studios)

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OF ZEUS AND GLORIOUS APOLLO

(Continued from Page 8)

Greece, but splendid health, strength, seriousness, and elevation. They were never "common" and the common people, under Apollo, attained the highest culture in art that the world has ever seen.

There was no Art for Art's sake among those Greeks, with its contention that Art has nothing to do with morals, not to speak of God and religion, would even be detriment to a work of art. That is a modern heresy, which moved Tennyson to a passionate protest when his *Idyls of the King* had been criticized because it had a moral element:

"Art for art's sake! Hail, truest lord of Hell!
Hail, Genius, master of the moral will!
The filthiest of all pictures painted well!
Is mightier than the purest painted ill!
Yes, mightier than the purest painted well,
So prone are we toward the broad way to Hell!"

In a late day and age, it has not been easy to understand the gods of the ancient world or to take them quite seriously, when, if a wise thought came into a man's mind, it was credited to Athena, if an impulse toward Justice and Art came, it was thanks to Apollo. We do not take even Apollo quite seriously. He has usually been presented in a crassly literal way, with no appreciation that he was the guide in life and that he meted rewards and punishments in this world and the next while he inspired the highest aspirations, hopes, and fears of a very great people. Speaking of the Egyptian Sungod, Breasted says,

"There is no force in the life of ancient man the influence of which pervades all, of his faculties as does that of religion. Its fancies explain the world around him, its fears are his hourly master, its hopes his constant mentor, its feasts are his calendar, and its outward usages are to a large extent his education and his motive toward the gradual evolution of art, literature, and science."

Count Keyserling, also, appreciated how profound Sun-worship was among the ancient peoples:

"The man who believes in myths knows nothing of the sun or the physicist. He prays before what he feels to be the immediate source of life. The man of later days, whose emancipated intellect raises the question of correctness in the first instance, must of course, deny sun-worship. For him, there is only the fact of astronomy, and this is undoubtedly no divinity. But a spiritualized being turns once more to the ancient faith. He knows that all truth is ultimately symbolical and that the sun expresses the true nature of divinity more appropriately than the best conceptual expression.

In Apollo, Greek mythology touched a height sublime, the Sun, by whom, from his high heaven, Zeus gave light to the world, by whom, through his Arts, man can rise above his brute estate and create ideal works that will not die. Compared with the work of glorious Apollo in Greece a great deal of the art of later days seems pitifully lacking in significance . . . but not that of all, not that of a Keats. The mystic impulse still stirs in great artists, and they give it expression under hard conditions, where Mammon is too often their employer and the workmen of Hephaestus are their competitors, and where the men of the marketplace and to respond to their enthusiasm, so rewarding them rightly. Too often it is forgotten that the glorious Sungod had anything to do with their fine frenzy, and they are judged to be just frenzied, mad. If they had such conditions as the Greek artists had, with the altar of the god of Art in the marketplace and Apollo shining everywhere, they could create works of the highest inspiration, moral, deeply religious, for the people, and for all time.

Our Art for Art's Sake seems the refuge of those who are despairing, a despairing protest in an age when it is forgotten that in God we live and move and have our being, though people say such things on Sunday — and in an age that feels a little queer when God is mentioned in practical discussions such as this on Art. For both the artists and the men of the marketplace Art for Art's Sake is better than Art for Hephaestus' Sake, or Art for Mammon's Sake, but hopelessly inadequate to express the Divine Source of high art, its divine inspiration brought to earth through the artist, from the glorious God of the Sun.

A poet who realizes what Apollo meant to the Greeks well grow rhapsodical, as Keate did:

For lo! 'tis the Father of all verse!
Flush everything that hath a vermeil hue,
And let the clouds of even and of morn
Float in voluptuous fleeces o'er the hills.
Let the red wine within the goblet boil,
Cool as a bubbling well; let faintlipped shells
On sands or in great deeps vermilion turn
Trough all their labyrinths; and let the maid
Blush keenly, with some warm kiss surprised.
Chief isle of the embowered Cyclades,
Apollo is once more the golden theme."

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PHILHELLENES OF CANADA HONORED

(Continued from Page 24)

remained from where to procure the food-stuffs. These were offered first and foremost, with Christian generosity, by Canada. What and how vast this assistance was and how it helped maintain the Greek people, all Greeks know and we hold in our hearts a very deep feeling of eternal gratitude. But Canadian assistance did not stop with our liberation. On the contrary, immediately after the departure of the Axis hordes one after another the shipments of the valuable donations of the Greek War Relief of Canada began to arrive.

This Organization, great benefactors of our Country, honored the Greek Red Cross with their confidence and entrusted to them the distribution of their shipments to the Greek people. Food-stuffs, clothing and foot wear, bedding and household utensils, medicines, surgical, X rays and dental units, all kinds of tools and an important number of vehicles, donations of many millions of dollars were sent from Canada to Greece forthcoming from donations of the Canadian people collected owing to the support of the Canadian Government, the invaluable cooperation of the Canadian Red Cross and the untiring efforts of the Greeks established in Canada to whose initiative and sacrifices is owed the founding and activity of the Greek War Relief of Canada.

The Greek Red Cross, mandatory of this Organization knowing better than any one else the extent and the significance of the assistance accorded then and now to the Greek People, considered it their imperative duty to express once more by this ceremony, their gratitude and their warmest thanks to those who contributed to this assistance and honoring them, to place in Headquarters the pictures of those persons who inspired by their pure sincere philhellenism and patriotism, symbolize the origin of the Canadian assistance.

His Excellency the Prime Minister of Canada the Honorable Mr. Mackenzie King chosen by the people and acting as Prime Minister for twenty-five consecutive years, a man of world wide authority worthy Leader of the Canadian Nation is the highest instigator and regulator of the Relief to the Greek people.

Already, the Municipality of Athens has honored one of the streets of Athens with the name of the Canadian Prime Minister. It is not chance that placed the Headquarters of the Greek Red Cross in that same street.

From this day the picture of His Excellency Mr. Mackenzie King will adorn our offices and all Greek Red Cross members will behold it with love and gratitude.

The valiant and honored General La Flèche worthily representing as Ambassador of his Great Country in Greece, is the sincere philhellene and great altruist who gave all his energy and power to remedy the Greek people's wants.

Valuable guide and councillor of the Greek War Relief in Canada, he directs with clarity and deep understanding the consignments from Canada to the Greek Red Cross, P.I.K.P.A., the Universities, the large Philanthropic Institutions and the suffering

groups gaining the love of all the Greeks and the gratitude of the assisted Institutions.

The Greek Red Cross is happy because from this day the picture of their honorable friend Major General La Flèche holds its place in Headquarters by the side of the picture of His Excellency Mr. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada.

With the same sentiments and for the same reasons the Greek Red Cross honored the President of the Canadian Red Cross Mr. Jackson Dodds and the President of the Canadian Organization of National Relief Mr. William Birks.

For the huge task of the Greek War Relief in Canada all the Greeks established in Canada worked with untiring zeal and ardent patriotism. Many years away from their Mother Country, struggling for a living in friendly contest with emigrants in Canada from all countries, they managed to become distinguished citizens of this hospitable Land and contributed in the measure of their possibilities to the country's progress. Notwithstanding the distance which separates them from their Mother-country Greece, notwithstanding the difficulties of all struggle for a living, they maintain inextinguished in their hearts the flame of their love for their Mother Country and when they learned of their brothers' privations here in Greece, they hastened and with all their power came to our aid.

From this room I address to our brothers in Canada the Greek Red Cross' cordial greetings, their warmest thanks and the expression of their great pride and satisfaction because these select children of Greece proved during those dark days, worthy sons of their Country. I would have liked to adorn the marble plaques where the names of the donors of the Greek Red Cross are inscribed, with the names of all our Greek brothers in Canada who toiled for the success of the Greek War Relief of Canada.

As this is technically impossible, the Greek Red Cross will have to content themselves by placing in Headquarters the portraits of the President, the Secretary General of the Greek War Relief of Canada, and of their valued friends Messrs. Zannetakos and Basil Salamis as the councillors of the joint efforts of the Greeks in Canada. To these two outstanding Greeks every honor and recognition of their work is due.

They are worthy of our Country.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I have stated to you the reasons for today's ceremony. I have perhaps not fully succeeded in expressing the grateful feelings of the Greek Red Cross for the Canadian people, their honorable Chiefs, and representatives, and our Greek brothers in Canada. What I have omitted to say, will you please express it yourselves by warmly saying: "Long Live Canada!"

After Mr. Georgacopoulos, His Excellency the Canadian Ambassador Major General La Flèche spoke stressing the Philhellenism of his great Country, the virtues of the Greek people, stating that the concern of Canada for Greece will not diminish in the future. Relating to the task of the Greeks in Canada, he praised their merits and stressed

(Continued on Page 48)

BOOKS

(Continued from Page 26)

some 20 years before Naxos and Syracuse, the first colonies in Sicily. Then the author tells of their expansion, relations with the motherland, agriculture, commerce, art and industry, and native elements, as well as their political, military, and human development.

The colonies had rich lands and enjoyed the labor of subject races. They loved pleasure, sports and good cheer. They had more peace and the material things of life than the cities of Old Greece, but they persisted in tyrannies and were unfruitful in political ideas. They excelled in practical sciences. "The doctors of Kroton were the first in Greece, some of the earliest big building and engineering works were Sicilian; the practical art of rhetoric also came from Sicily." Pythagoras brought abstract thought from Ionia to Italy, and from there the Pythagoreans spread to the entire Greek world.

The book ends with the great battle of Himera, at which the Greeks of Sicily crushed a seemingly overwhelming Carthaginian invasion and saved that part of the world from the barbarians in the same season the Greeks of the motherland were beating back the second Persian attack (480 B. C.). This little appreciated victory brought 70 years of peace and prosperity to the Western Greeks as well as full maturity.

Based on literary sources, the latest excavations, and personal knowledge of the localities, this book is a very important contribution to our information and understanding of the ancient Greek world.

THE YANKEES IN GREECE

The Americans have been doing fine, unselfish work in Greece since the first shot was fired in the Greek Revolution, and one of the noblest enterprises is detailed at length by Louis E. Lord in A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS (1947. 415pp. \$5.00).

This school was founded in 1881 by that great American man of letters, Charles Eliot Norton, who hoped that "by the establishment of such a society, the interest of classical scholarship in America might be advanced, and especially that it might lead to the foundation of a school of classical studies in Athens where young scholars might carry on the study of Greek thought and life to the best advantage, and where those who were proposing to become teachers of Greek might gain such acquaintance with the land and such knowledge of its ancient monuments as should give a quality to their teaching unattainable without this experience."

This is not only an American institution on Greek soil, but an intercollegiate project—"the oldest in America except the Harvard-Yale boat race." It began with a pitiful annual budget of \$3,000, contributed by ten colleges and operated by three distinct bodies. Professor Lord tells of its work and how it grew under the chairmanships of John Williams White, Thomas Day Seymour, James Rignall Wheeler, and Edward Capps. These great leaders developed the school so that by 1942, when its work was interrupted by the Axis occupation of Greece, its support by more than 50 million dollars, its publications, its extensive excavations all over Greece, and the contributions of its faculty and students to history, philology, and archaeology caused it to be recognized as the leading foreign school in Hellas.

The 44 plates reveal some of the finds and work of the school. Though published by the Harvard University Press, this book is distributed by the Publications Committee of the American School of Classical Studies, Princeton, N. J.

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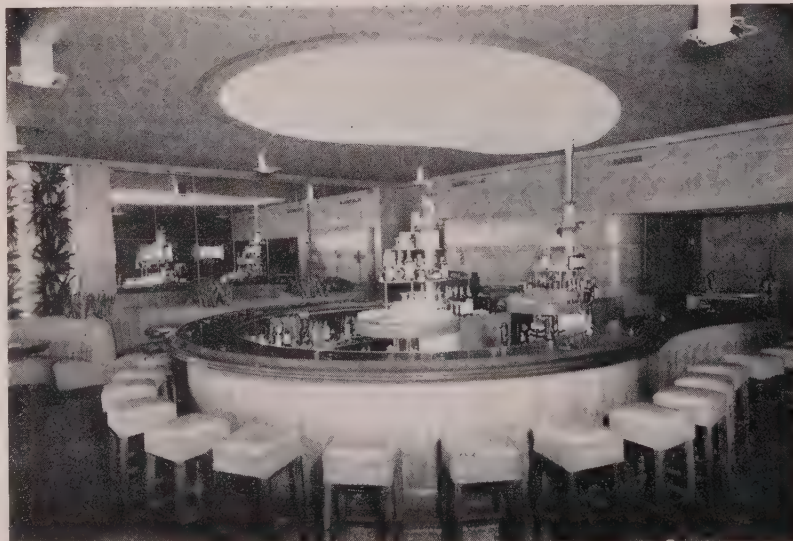
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The following letter was received from Athens:

American Embassy, Athens, Greece
June 25, 1949

MR. DEMETRIOS PAPPAGEORGE,
President Order of AHEPA,
Chicago Chapter No. 46,
20 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Pappageorge:

This is to acknowledge receipt of your good letter of May 18th and also to report to you on procedure.

Because the Near East Foundation has pioneered in the work of helping maimed soldiers and with artificial limbs, I thought it wise to bring Mr. Laird Archer, head of that organization into the picture. We are both exceedingly anxious to have the money spent efficiently and well. The attached copy of a letter from the Greek Red Cross will indicate that something definite is being done. You will hear directly and very soon I am sure from the Greek Red Cross. Mr. Tsatsos is a fine person.

The plan being considered and about which you will hear more fully is this. The Greek Red Cross will ask you to deposit the check you sent here in a bank in America so that the money will be available for the purchase of certain American appliances that are not available here. The Greek Red Cross in turn will match the sum of \$2,000 in drachmas at this end for the specific purpose of handling the cases made possible by the generous gift from the Chicago Chapter of AHEPA.

Believe me your gift is appreciated. I hope the action of the Chicago Chapter will inspire many similar gifts from all over America. Only people who have spent some time in Greece recently can appreciate the great need that exists.

Our Ambassador, Dr. Henry F. Grady, will make the official presentation of the gift so that some good publicity may be forthcoming.

As one American to another, I say "thank you," and I take the liberty of saying in my limited way, "thank you for the Greeks".

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE W. EDMAN,
First Secretary,
Director - USIS.

Nearly all of the \$2,000.00 are the net proceeds from the album which commemorated the 20th Anniversary of Chicago Chapter No. 46 of Ahepa. And those responsible for the raising of the money by securing Ads for the album, are: M. Lascaris, then president of the chapter; Peter Giannukos, Demetrios Pappageorge, John Lambrakis, Philip Kaskas and Gust Patsios.

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JOE FARAGO, well known Chicago businessman, and vice-president of Chicago Chapter No. 46, Order of Ahepa, is quite popular among Greek businessmen, and is also a sponsor of Athene. He is President of Master Paper Box Co., which among others make those beautiful Andes Candies boxes, which have fascinated Chicagoland.

SOCIAL NEWS

NEW YORK. — Mr. and Mrs. Evangelos Hardaloupas flew to Athens bent on a vacation and in order to visit friends and relatives. They will be back in September. Mr. Hardaloupas is president of the Hellenic Bank Trust Co. of New York.

Likewise, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Goulandrakis sailed for Athens and are scheduled to return soon.

We wish both couples bon voyage and safe return. Mr. Goulandrakis is a ship owner.

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GRADUATES WITH HONORS



EVANGELOS ANTHONY PAPAGEORGIU is the son of the well known Chicago business man and community leader, Anthony Papageorgiou, and was graduated with honors from St. John's Military Academy in Wisconsin. He plans to enter the University of Illinois this fall.

Evangelos comes from pretty solid stock. His father, Anthony Papageorgiou came to America 35 years ago, and today is the president of Pekin Cleaners, a manufacturing establishment with tens of outlets in Chicago. He serves as an officer and is one of the main sponsors of the St. Constantine Community in Chicago which has recently launched a two million dollar building development. He has further identified himself with the construction in co-operation with Greek War Relief of a Health Center in his native town of Karystos, and is the president of the foundation.

Mrs. Anthony Papageorgiou, the former Julia Zaglifa, was born in New York, and was raised in Chicago. Her parents Mr. and Mrs. Christ Zaglifa hail from Aigion Greece.

Young Evangelos is a graduate of the St. Constantine parochial school "Koraes". There are two daughters in the Papageorgiou family, Eutychia and little Theodora.

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A CENTURY OF AMERICAN PHILHELLENISM

(Continued from Page 29)

One of the most important tasks of the Greek government was the housing of a population of 17,000 orphans. Great many hotels were turned into orphanages at Lutraki, Edipsos, Corfu and Athens. Then the buildings were turned over to the Near East Relief. Later a great tract of land was ceded to the Near East Relief in SYRA and suitable buildings were erected which housed about 7,000 orphans. This orphanage soon became an American School where orphans were taught different vocations and trades and were prepared for useful citizenship.

The Near East Relief maintained a specially trained personnel at CRETE, MITYLENE, SALONIKI, KAVALLA, ATHENS and other urban centers. Refugees were helped to locate their relatives and families, and financial aid was given them wherever necessary. Representatives of the institution co-operated in many ways with the Greek government in the solution of a great many problems arising from the condition of the refugee population.

When the Lausanne Treaty was ratified in July 1923, the additional task of exchanging Greek and Turkish population ²⁵ gave rise to new problems. The Near East Relief was called upon by requests of the Greek and Turkish governments to undertake the exchange of the two populations before the organization of a commission under the treaty. The first exchange was effected in October 1923. After the organization of the commission, the Near East Relief nevertheless continued to render its services. The managing director of the Near East Relief was made the chairman of a special commission to supervise the release and transportation of 11,000 Greek prisoners of war held by Turkey. Then an international loan of ten million pounds was granted Greece that was administered by a Special Refugee Settlement commission with HENRY MORGENTHAU as its chairman.

During the emergency of the refugee question, many other American agencies, besides those already mentioned, rendered valuable services. **The Save the Children Fund** fed in Athens and Macedonia about 50,000 children daily. The Commissioner of the LEAGUE OF NATIONS in Saloniki maintained an administrator of such funds. **The American Women's Hospital** maintained many hospitals and clinics with American personnel in Athens and Macedonia. **The Friends of Greece** established handiwork industries to provide employment for refugee widows and to dispose of the products of America. **The Fatherless Children of Greece Committee** provided homes for and supported half orphans with subsidies. These two last organizations united with the Near East Relief.

Thanks to the combined activities of all these American agencies, Greece handled the refugee problem with great efficiency and many economic advantages accrued to the country by the development of trades and industry and the rehabilitation of refugees. The Greek Minister of Public Health reported in Athens on February 1930 to CHRISTOPHER THURBER, acting director of the Near East Relief as follows:

I am particularly appreciative of the fact that five Americans lost their lives on the battlefield of humanity. The noble work performed by the Near East Relief to thousands of destitute Greek refugees, the efficient way in which it helped the needy out of their misery and distress, have rightly merited the gratitude of the Hellenic nation. The Greek government once more wishes to express this national appreciation of your work.

When Christopher Thurber died in Athens on May 31, 1930, while serving as director of the relief work in Greece, he was given by the Greek government a funeral of a retired general, in recognition of his invaluable services, and was buried at the Protestant cemetery in Athens.

FOOTNOTES:

20. Ibid, pp 262, 263.
21. HENRY V. POST: *A Visit to Greece and Constantinople in the Year 1827-1828*, p. 367.
22. COL. J. P. MILLER: *The Conditions of Greece in 1827-28*.
23. Ibid.
24. HENRY MORGENTHAU: *I Was Sent to Greece*, pp. 68.
25. See: STEPHEN P. LADAS: *The Exchange of Minorities: Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey*.

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AMERICAN TRAVELLERS IN GREECE BEFORE 1821

(Continued from Page 15)

in Greece during and after the Revolution. The United States had no political interests at that time in the Eastern Mediterranean area as England and France had, and which are reflected in the works of most travellers of these nationalities in Greece, especially after she became an independent state.

NOTES:

³¹ Ed. M. Earle, "Early American Policy Concerning Ottoman Minorities," *Political Science Quarterly*, 33 (1927), p. 342.

³² Most of Fisk's letters during his travels in Asia Minor and the Aegean Archipelago are published in the following volume. *Memoir of the Rev. Pliny Fisk, A. M., Late Missionary to Palestine*, by Alvan Bond, Boston 1828.

³³ While searching through the archives of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions I found the journals of the American Missionaries Rufus Anderson and Eli Smith who visited Greece in 1829. The material of Anderson's journal is published in his book: *Observations upon the Peloponnesus and the Greek Islands made in 1820*, Boston, 1830. Smith's journal remains still unpublished. The manuscript bears the title: *Notes on Greece taken during a Journey in that Country in 1829*. It contains a description of the Ionian Islands, Peloponnesus, Western Sporades and Northern Cyclades with special emphasis on the administration, schools and previous missionary operations in these places. Here I would like to express my indebtedness to Miss Mary Walker, Librarian of the American Board for permitting me to search their archives.

³⁴ Jonathan Miller, *The Condition of Greece in 1827 and 1828*, New York, 1828.

³⁵ Rufus Anderson, *Observations upon the Peloponnesus and the Greek Islands made in 1829*. Boston, 1830.

³⁶ Josiah Brewer, *A Residence at Constantinople in the Year 1827*, New Haven, 1830.

³⁷ See William Miller, "The Journals of Finlay and Jarvis," *English Historical Review*, 41 (1926), 14-525.

³⁸ *Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe*, ed. by Laura E. Richards, 2 vols., Boston, 1906-1909.

³⁹ C. C. Felton, *Familiar Letters from Europe*, Boston, 1865.

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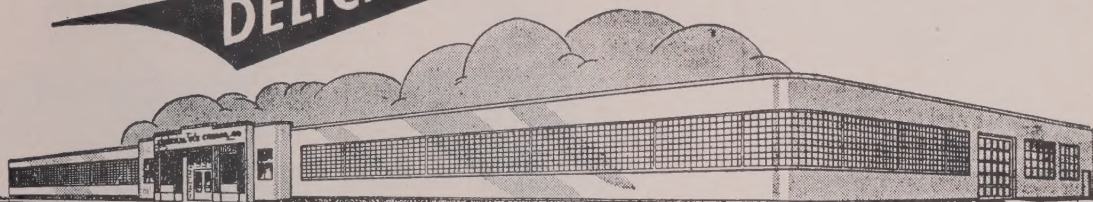
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PHILHELLENES OF CANADA HONORED

(Continued from Page 35)

that indeed during the dark days of the war, they proved worthy of their Country. The General also stressed his own deep love and that of his family for Greece for whose sake no labor and sacrifice of His to aid us, during the difficult times that our Country is facing, is too much.

Then Mr. Skouzes, President of the Greek-Canadian League spoke briefly, congratulating the Board of the Greek Red Cross for their excellent idea to organize this ceremony for the unveiling of the Canadian Philhellenes portraits. Ending, he reminded those present that the Municipality of Athens in gratitude to Canada named Lycabettus Street after the first citizen of Canada: Mr. Mackenzie King.



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